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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A CRONE'S TALE, A.D. 1545.

SHE came from a land across the sea,
With the sad-faced priest with the hair of
gold,
She told not her name nor her mother's kin,
But ever they talked of the days of old ;

Of heathen men's ways, of popes and of kings,
Of the sunlight yellow and cornflowers red,
Of men forgotten, of by-past things,
Of the sorrow of living, the rest of the dead.

A palmer brought him a letter one day,
In the words they write far over the sea,
He kiss'd her lips so lily pale,
And sped him away to that far countré.

Then ever she watched at the door by day,
And oft she stray'd in the cold moonlight ;
Wan, wan she grew when the autumn came,
And she died on All Souls' night.

We sent to the chantry for Ralph the priest —
The broad-chested man with the rosy brow.
She smiled when he came — a faint, cold smile,
"A priest ! I shall never need one now."

So strangely she spake, and when he said,
The words that some time we all must hear,
She folded her thin hands over her breast —
"What need we for torches, the daylight's
near."

"The saved pass not thus," said the chantry
priest,
As he went his way, the prayers half said ;
But we could not deem that her soul was lost,
So we lighted the ghost-candles round her
bed.

Academy.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

A SUMMER EVENING.

O THROSTLE, litling on the bough,
I'm sure you know our story,
How, last night lingering here below,
Love met us in the afterglow,
And filled the hour with glory !

O west wind, how the aspens stirred
When you came back from roaming !
I'm certain that you saw and heard
How the soft magic of a word
Transfigured all the gloaming.

O river, gliding at our feet,
You know your wavelets tarried
Until Love's message was complete,
And then the tidings, new and sweet,
Far out to sea were carried.

We shared with you our full delight,
Love is a lavish giver ;
But, hush ! He comes again to-night,
Now heed his words and ways aright,
O breeze, and bird, and river !

Leisure Hour.

M. R.

BY-AND-BY.

FAREWELL, bright dawns and perfume-laden
airs,
Faint with the breath of roses newly blown,
Warm, slumbrous noons when sleep our haunt-
ing cares,
Long summer days and nights, too swiftly
flown.
With sighs and sad regrets we saw you
go ;
Why did you leave us, who had loved you
so ?

'Neath sapphire skies, by starry hedgerows
sweet,
Laced with pearled threads of gossamer, we
went ;
Wild summer blooms beneath our wandering
feet,
And summer in our hearts, on love intent.
"I will return," you said, "when roses
blow,"
That time you said good-bye, a year ago.

But I alone have seen them bloom and die,
While you have passed beyond the shadows
here
Into the light. I'll follow by-and-by.
Meantime I wait, and hold the roses dear,
And summer sacred for the love I bear,
Until we meet again, some day, some-
where.

Spectator.

AT RICHMOND.

THE sun-god's parting shafts of gold
Quivered and fell on field and wood ;
And silent, as in hours of old,
Upon the river-bank we stood ;
Did not that waning glory cast
A charm upon the flowing tide,
And give us back the summers past —
The bloom that fled, the lights that died ?

Silent, and filled with strange delight,
We watched the sunset brightness fade ;
And felt the first cool breath of night
Creep up through mist and mellow shade ;
It whispered of a time of rest,
Of pain outlived, and labor done,
When all the things we count the best
And live for, shall be fairly won.

And even in life's rugged ways
These happy thoughts of peace return,
For we have learnt to fix our gaze
Beyond the bounds which men discern ;
We know not where God's river flows,
Nor when its waves shall wash our feet,
And yet, each foretaste of repose
He gives us is divinely sweet.

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

THE chief interest felt by readers of the reminiscence of a meeting of the Metaphysical Society, contained in a recent number of this review, will probably be found in the striking and really remarkable record of the discussion of a difficult subject by such men as we there find, and under such conditions as are there described. Whatever the subject of discussion, such a symposium so felicitously saved from oblivion could not fail to secure attention and much gratitude to the able chiel who took notes and printed it. But in truth the subject discussed is as interesting as the company who discussed it; and to the writer of the present paper has so proved itself, not only on general grounds, but also because the view which seems to him to be chiefly worthy of consideration, as being the most true and the most luminous, does not appear to have presented itself to the mind of any one of the speakers, or at all events not to have been expressed clearly.

The discussion, as reported, labors under the great defect that there was no preliminary attempt to define the meaning of the phrase which formed the subject of the argument. Yet the "uniformity of nature" is an expression which does not carry upon its front one clear meaning, and one clear meaning only, and therefore needs definition if the truth of any proposition supposed to be implied by it is either to be affirmed or to be denied. In some senses nature is obviously not uniform. Take the case of the weather: what can have less of the character of uniformity? Take the seasons; and observe the apparently absolute absence of all rule as to the sequence of fruitful and unfruitful years. Take almost any instance of natural phenomena that you please; and the variety, the eccentricity, the lawlessness, will probably be quite as striking as any characteristic which can be described by the word uniformity. Anyhow, in commencing a discussion, we ought to know precisely what the phrase to be discussed means, or at least, what it is held to mean by the disputants engaged in the argument.

I observe that one of the interlocutors of the Metaphysical Society, Mr. Walter Bagehot, affirms that experience cannot prove the uniformity of nature, because it is impossible to say what the uniformity of nature means. If this be so, and I am not just now contradicting the assertion, all serious discussion must be at an end. It is very well to say that, although experience can never prove the absolute uniformity of nature, it ought to "train us to bring our expectations into something like consistency with the uniformity of nature." But why should we expect nature to be uniform, unless we can give some good reason for believing in this uniformity? And why should we trouble ourselves with a principle of uniformity, the meaning of which, by hypothesis, we are unable to assign?

On the other hand, Mr. Ruskin could scarcely hope to carry many of the company with him when he avowed his disbelief in uniformity altogether, and affirmed that if told that the sun had stood still he would reply, "A miracle that the sun stands still? Not at all—I always expected it would." This view of the matter would seem to imply that there is no principle in nature which can in any way be described as law or uniformity—a conclusion which is opposed to all our knowledge.

In default of a clear definition of the thesis proposed to the Metaphysical Society, the prevailing thought in the minds of the disputants seems to me to have been, how far the belief in abnormal phenomena, commonly spoken of as miraculous, is consistent with such a belief concerning the laws of nature as scientific men find themselves compelled to hold. The discussion had clearly an underlying theological character; to more than half the disputants (so at least it seems to me) the theological consequences of an alleged uniformity of nature were the uppermost thought, and the feature of most pressing interest in the argument. It would be well, perhaps, if this theological bearing of the question could be avoided in discussion. We should be more likely to arrive at a conclusion as to what the uniformity of nature means, and to what ex-

tent the principle is true, if we could regard it entirely as a natural question, and one to be answered upon the ordinary grounds of observation and induction; and I observe that Professor Huxley seems to recognize this view, or rather he regards the principle as one the truth of which is not proven, but which is valuable as a working hypothesis, and all the more valuable because it has never yet failed him. The separation of the principle from theological considerations is however practically impossible; we must make up our minds to many a fight upon the frontiers of the natural and the supernatural. Not a few persons believe that the possibility of religious faith, at this epoch of history, depends much upon the conclusions to which they come concerning the laws and operations of nature; and I will not venture to deny that they who so believe have some reason to give for their belief.

It is in accordance with the statement just now advanced with regard to the close practical connection between the principle of the uniformity of nature and theology, that we find the said principle brought at once to the front in the Bishop of London's recent Bampton Lectures, entitled "The Relations between Religion and Science." With the general argument and results of these undoubtedly able lectures I shall not here be concerned, but it will be much to my purpose to make a few observations upon what is said in the first of the series concerning the uniformity of nature.

The earliest occasion upon which the phrase appears is to be found in the following sentence: "It will be admitted that the supreme postulate, without which scientific knowledge is impossible, is the uniformity of nature."*

Now a postulate is a proposition which is granted as the basis of an argument, because its truth is conceived to be self-evident; or at all events, it is the simplest proposition to which a chain of reasoning can be reduced, and if it be not granted, all further argument is impossible. Thus Euclid's first postulate is, that from one point a straight line can be drawn to any

other point. But surely it can scarcely be said of the uniformity of nature, that it has anything of this simple and self-evidencing character. The question, moreover, is not whether scientific knowledge be possible or impossible without it; if impossible, so much the worse for scientific knowledge. The question still recurs, Is the principle true? Moreover, can it be averred that scientific knowledge *is* impossible without this postulate? If so, why is it that the principle is not asserted in Newton's "Principia," or Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste," or the various treatises on light, heat, electricity, botany, and what not? Certainly it seems to me extremely doubtful whether the "supreme postulate" either is admitted, or ought to be admitted, as the basis of scientific knowledge.

I suspect, however, that the bishop does not intend the word postulate to be taken in its strict scientific sense; for he illustrates his position by reference to the discovery of the planet Neptune, which resulted from the assumption that the law of gravitation holds universally, and that therefore the unexplained errors of Uranus were due to the action of an exterior planet. But this assumption was as different as possible from a postulate; it was only applying in a new way a law which had already been verified in so many and such diverse cases, that there was scarcely the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any astronomer that it was, as its ordinary name professes it to be, *universal* throughout the material cosmos.

I am confirmed in this belief by finding the subsequent statement that "the uniformity of nature is a working hypothesis, and it never can be more;"* which agrees very much with the view propounded by Professor Huxley at the meeting of the Metaphysical Society. But I am not quite sure that this is consistent with a previous passage in the lecture, which runs thus:—

This then is the answer to the question. Why do we believe in the uniformity of Nature? We believe in it because we find it so. Millions and millions of observations concur

* Page 6.

* Page 29.

in exhibiting this uniformity. And the longer our observation of Nature goes on, the greater do we find the extent of it. Things which once seemed irregular are now known to be regular. Things that seemed inexplicable on this hypothesis are now explained. Every day seems to add not merely to the instances, but to the wide-ranging classes of phenomena that come under the rule.*

The truth of which I am not concerned to dispute; but the paragraph gives a very different complexion to the principle of the uniformity of nature from that which belongs to it, when regarded as a postulate upon which all scientific knowledge depends.

The truth which I think *is* postulated in the case of nature is that which is involved in the idea of cause and effect. The Bishop of London refers to Hume's famous discussion of this question, and his conclusion that there is nothing more in cause and effect than the notion of invariable sequence. This conclusion has often been controverted, and the Bishop of London refers to the arguments of Kant and of J. S. Mill; it seems to admit of a very simple and irresistible contradiction from the following consideration. It is easy to give instances in which an invariable sequence takes place, and yet the two events which follow each other are obviously *not* connected as cause and effect. Take the case of lightning and thunder; the thunder follows the lightning with invariable sequence, whether we chance to hear it or not, but the two are separate effects of the same cause acting under different conditions; and no rightly instructed person could imagine that one was the effect of the other. Or suppose that you shout, and produce two echoes from two rocks at different distances; these echoes will satisfy the condition of invariable sequence, and yet will manifestly not be related as cause and effect. Or, to put the case more generally, it is quite possible that a cause may produce more than one effect; and these effects being invariably connected will, by ignorant people, be regarded as cause and effect, which they will not be. In fact, the reference of one phenomenon to another as its

cause, in consequence of invariable sequence, may have the same essential error involved in it as had the classical example of Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands.

What is necessary in order that one thing shall be regarded as the effect of another, which may be called the cause, is not only that there shall be an invariable sequence, but also that it shall be possible to assert that the one could not take place without the other, or something equivalent. This invisible impalpable chain between the one thing and the other must be postulated by the human mind; it constitutes the idea of cause; every child knows perfectly well what it is, and the profoundest philosopher does not go far, if at all, beyond the knowledge of the child.

Let me support what I have been saying by a quotation from Whewell's "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences":—

We see in the world around us a constant succession of causes and effects connected with each other. The laws of this connection we learn in a great measure from experience, by observation of the occurrences which present themselves to our notice, succeeding one another. But in doing this, and in attending to this succession of appearances, of which we are aware by means of our senses, we supply from our mind the Idea of Cause. This idea, as we have already shown with respect to other ideas, is not derived from experience, but has its origin in the mind itself; is introduced into our experience by the active, not by the passive part of our nature.*

And again Dr. Whewell writes:—

That this Idea of Cause is not derived from experience, we prove (as in former cases) by this consideration: that we can make assertions, involving this idea, which are rigorously necessary and universal; whereas knowledge derived from experience can only be true as far as experience goes, and can never contain in itself any evidence whatever of its necessity. We assert that "every event must have a cause;" and this proposition we know to be true, not only probably and generally, and as far as we can see; but we cannot suppose it to be false in any single instance. We are as certain of it as of the truths of arithmetic or geometry.†

* Page 27.

• Vol. i., p. 158.

† Page 159.

Here is a true postulate; and if to the postulate that every event must have a cause we add these postulates, (1) that causes in nature are always of the same kind and always act in the same way, and (2) that no new causes come into existence, we should go a long way towards making the uniformity of nature, if not axiomatic, at all events capable of tolerably simple and satisfactory demonstration.

But these latter postulates will perhaps scarcely be universally granted. I understand those disputants, who in the Metaphysical Society's discussion laid so much stress upon the duty of examining into the truth of alleged phenomena lying apparently outside the circle of ordinary experience, to have argued that there might be causes of which ordinary physical science takes no account, and that you cannot logically deny the occurrence of what may be called conveniently the "supernatural," unless you assert that the causes which are included in what we call nature exhaust all possible forms of causation. Such an assertion would probably be rash, even if we took into account only the results which may be produced by the action of the human will. But so far as the physical investigator, the scientific discoverer, the man of science in the ordinary sense of the phrase, is concerned, he may consistently say that all causation of a spiritual or supernatural kind is outside his domain. He may say "I neither affirm nor deny the possibility of events and phenomena which are not according to the ordinary course of nature. I am content to take what is called the uniformity of nature as prescribing the limit of my inquiries;" and he may be able to add, with Professor Huxley, that he has never yet found it to fail him. If it should fail him, the result might possibly be similar to that which mathematicians call the failure of Taylor's theorem, and might indicate, not that the theorem was faulty, but that in certain critical cases the ordinary law of the theorem would not apply.*

The discussion which precedes has been longer than I expected, but I could not well shorten it. Hitherto I have been chiefly engaged in what has been offered by others on the subject of the uniformity of nature; I now proceed to suggest a view which, if it fails to give the reader's mind as much satisfaction as it affords my own, will at least, I trust, be deemed worthy of some consideration.

* There are some passages in pp. 217-219 of the Bishop of London's lectures to which I would have referred had space permitted.

Strict views concerning the uniformity of nature appear to me to date from the period when Newton first showed that the motions of the heavenly bodies could be made the subject of mathematical calculations, or rather of dynamical, for I am not speaking of those which are merely empirical. Newton, in fact, founded what we now call physical astronomy. If we look a little back from this period, we find the opinions of men of the most educated class very loose on the subject of nature and nature's laws. It is sufficient to refer to Sir Thomas Browne's belief, that intercourse was possible between human creatures and evil spirits,* and Sir Matthew Hale's often quoted opinions and consequent judicial action in the case of witchcraft. There was much in popular superstition, much even in orthodox religious belief, and perhaps much in the tendencies of the human intellect, to suggest views of nature which would now present insuperable obstacles to minds even of ordinary powers and proficiency, but which presented no such obstacles in what may be called the pre-scientific era of the world's history. Newton, or rather Newton as developed by Laplace and the French school of mathematicians, entirely changed the whole aspect of things. Laplace, with propriety, described his great work by the title of "Celestial Mechanics;" the purpose of the work, which it effected with singular skill, was the reduction of the whole system of the heavens to the condition of an ordinary mechanical problem — a problem, too, having the advantage that the bodies concerned are all moving *in vacuo*, and that therefore there are none of the difficulties of friction, resistance of the air, and the like, which interfere with the easy solution of terrestrial dynamical problems. To the mathematician the solar system is a set of small bodies, which for some purposes may be even regarded as particles, revolving in connection with one much larger and central body, under the action of mutual gravitation according to a certain simple law; while the earth, regarded by itself and with reference to the phenomena of its own revolution, is a rigid, slightly oblate spheroid, the motion of which in given circumstances constitutes one of the prettiest problems of rigid dynamics. It is difficult perhaps for any one, who has not gone through the study personally and practically, to conceive how completely to the mind of a mathematician the solar

* Religio Medici, chap. xxx.

system resolves itself into a problem of bodies in motion *in vacuo*. But as soon as the mind apprehends the solar system thus, it has found an instance of the uniformity of nature upon a very large scale. The mathematician who is capable of solving the problem of the planetary motions, as Laplace and Lagrange solved it, or who knows anything of the motion of a rigid body revolving as the earth revolves, finds himself simply incapable of conceiving of anything but motion, according to fixed law, being found in the solar system; the uniformity of nature in this department presses itself upon him with a power which he cannot resist.

A mathematician, for example, would find himself entirely precluded from sympathizing, in the most distant manner, with the view expressed by Mr. Ruskin at the meeting of the Metaphysical Society. The standing still of the sun, of which Mr. Ruskin speaks so pleasantly, means the stopping of the revolution of the earth, for the motion of the sun is only the earth's revolution; consequently what is called the standing still of the sun involves tremendous dynamical consequences, an utter disruption of everything upon the earth's surface, a return of chaos, or I know not what. I am not criticising the expression as to the sun standing still, used in the book of Joshua without any attempt at scientific language. What the actual fact was to which the language used refers, and what was the actual phenomenon, I cannot undertake to say; but if we adopt the phrase into the language of the nineteenth century, and in that language speak of the news of the sun standing still as a thing which need not surprise us, but which we have rather expected than otherwise, then I say that to the mathematician the language involves a necessary catastrophe, and that if the sun did stand still even for a moment no one would be left to tell the tale.

It is true that all men are not mathematicians, and that it is impossible for a mind which has not studied physical science mathematically fully to estimate the impression of contradiction and impossibility produced upon the mind which has so studied by an allegation of any irregularity in the clock of nature. Be it observed that the belief in the uniformity of such a phenomenon as the rising of the sun, or of the effect of the moon on the tides, or of such observed facts as precession and nutation, and many others, is to the mathematical physicist something different in kind from that which arises

from mere experience. If you say that the sun has risen millions of times already, and therefore will probably, or almost certainly, rise to-morrow, you offer a good presumptive argument; but it is not the argument which chiefly weighs with the man who knows what the rising of the sun means, and what would be the mechanical result of his failing to do so. My belief, however, is, that the feeling of certainty as to natural phenomena, which such men as Laplace felt for the first time in human history, has percolated (so to speak) through the strata of human intelligence until it has become the common property of almost all. The whole aspect of nature has been changed; and many a man feels a persuasion of the existence of something which may be described as uniformity, and in virtue of which he questions or doubts or denies many things which would have been accepted as possible or probable in the seventeenth century, without knowing or being able to explain upon what his convictions rest.

Hence, according to my view, the uniformity of nature, instead of being capable of being defended as a postulate, is, so far as it is true, the result of very hard scientific fighting. In the region of celestial mechanics it may be said to have gained absolute sway, because the motions of the heavens resolve themselves into the ordinary laws of mechanics, supplemented by the law of universal gravitation; and from this region there is a very intelligible tendency to extend the assertion of the principle to other departments of scientific investigation. Such extension, however, must be made with caution; even in the solar system itself, the moment we go beyond mechanics, all uniformity appears to vanish. With regard to size, arrangement, density, in fact every element of planetary existence, variety, which defies all kind of classification, not uniformity, is the undoubted order of nature.

There is a striking paragraph on this subject from the pen of no less a man than Alexander von Humboldt, which it may be well to quote in this connection. After speaking of the absence of all known law connecting the various planetary elements, their magnitudes, densities, etc., he proceeds thus:—

We find Mars, though more distant from the Sun than either the Earth or Venus, inferior to them in magnitude; being, indeed, that one of the long known greater planets which most nearly resembles in size Mercury, the nearest planet to the solar orb. Saturn is less than Jupiter, and yet much larger than Uranus.

The zone of the telescopic planets, which are so inconsiderable in point of volume, viewed in the series of distances commencing from the Sun, comes next before Jupiter, the greatest in size of all the planetary bodies; and yet the discs of these small planets (whose apparent diameters scarcely admit of measurement) are less than twice the size of France, Madagascar, or Borneo. Remarkable as is the small density of all the colossal planets which are furthest from the Sun, yet neither in this respect can we recognize any regular succession. Uranus appears to be denser than Saturn; and we find both Venus and Mars less dense than the Earth, which is situated between them. The time of rotation decreases on the whole with increasing solar distance, but yet it is greater in Mars than in the Earth, and in Saturn than in Jupiter. Among all the planets, the elliptic paths of Juno, Pallas, and Mercury have the greatest eccentricity, and Venus and the Earth, which immediately follow each other, have the least, while Mercury and Venus (which are likewise neighbors) present in this respect the same contrast as do the four smaller planets,* whose paths are so closely interwoven. The eccentricities of Juno and Pallas are nearly equal, but are each three times as great as those of Ceres and Vesta.†

I will not prolong the quotation, but will add the following sentences, which contain the result which I wish to enforce:—

The planetary system in its relation of absolute magnitude, relative position of the axes, density, time of rotation, and different degrees of eccentricity of the orbits, has to our apprehension nothing more of natural necessity than the relative distribution of land and water on the surface of our globe, the configuration of continents, or the elevation of mountain chains. No general law in these respects is discoverable, either in the regions of space or in the irregularities of the crust of the earth. They are *facts* of nature which have arisen out of the conflict of various forces acting under unknown conditions.‡

In other words, from the point of view now under consideration there is no such thing as the uniformity of nature.

Nevertheless, the instinct of seeking uniformity in other departments, when it has been discovered in one, and that an important department, is not only intelligible, but is of the highest value as a help in the pursuit of knowledge. Professor Huxley, as we have seen, describes the principle as a working hypothesis, which has never failed him; and, so regarded, it can lead to no error, and it may lead to

the discovery of new truth. If uniformity be wrongly assumed, the results obtained may be erroneous, or they may not; examination and experiment will show which they are; a working hypothesis may always be freely granted to an investigator, but it must not be confounded with a postulate upon which the whole body of science rests.

Let me illustrate the character of a working hypothesis by a second reference to the discovery of the planet Neptune. Two working hypotheses were necessary in this case. First, there was the great hypothesis of gravitation according to the Newtonian law. But, secondly, it was necessary for the purpose of the calculation to make some assumption concerning the supposed planet. It was, accordingly, assumed that Bode's empirical law of planetary distances was true, and that if the planet existed, its distance would be given by this law. The position of the planet was determined by the remarkable calculations of Adams and Leverrier; and what was the result? That the first hypothesis was confirmed, if it needed confirmation, and that the second was exploded, when the distance of Neptune came to be determined by actual observation. Thus a working hypothesis was proved to be false; but no harm was done. Neptune was discovered, though his distance had been wrongly assumed; the working hypothesis had fortunately been near enough to the truth for the purpose in hand, and having served that purpose, it could be flung away.

But in speaking of a working hypothesis it should be carefully borne in mind that the very epithet *working* indicates limits within which the work must take place. The hypothesis of the uniformity of nature, being founded upon or suggested by the discovery of uniformity in a certain department, must be carefully confined to similar departments, or, at all events, must be regarded with suspicion if it goes beyond them. We have already seen that if an astronomer, from the uniformity of mechanical action in the solar system, should conclude that there was some kind of uniformity in the configuration and the relations of the elements of the system, he would find himself deceived. Speculations concerning such uniformity are nevertheless very tempting. Kelper, as will be remembered, could not resist them, and got into some quagmires in consequence. But the temptation must be resisted; an assumed uniformity may lead to serious errors, if it goes beyond

* This was written when only four asteroids were known. While this article is passing through the press the discovery is announced of the 249th asteroid!

† *Cosmos*, vol. i. (Sabine's translation).

‡ *Ibid.*

the strictly physical region to which it belongs.

And this view of the matter leads, as it seems to me, to sound conclusions, with regard to the relation in which the truth of the uniformity of nature stands to truths, or supposed truths, of a different kind.

Take, for example, the case of alleged apparitions. I imagine that the tendency in the minds of not a few amongst us is to ignore apparitions utterly and completely. They are supernatural, and that is enough; they do not conform themselves to the recognized laws of mechanics, optics, acoustics, motion. This is a rebound from the old facility in accepting tales of demonology and witchcraft in pre-scientific times, and it has much to say for itself. Nevertheless it is scarcely philosophical, and is in no wise demanded by the requirements of science and the conditions of scientific progress. A man may be perfectly orthodox in his physical creed, and yet may admit the weight of evidence in favor of certain alleged phenomena which will not square themselves with physics. Such alleged phenomena are not necessarily in contradiction to physical truth, they lie rather in another plane; they are like two lines or curves in space, which do not meet, and therefore cannot cut each other. There are matters of the highest moment which manifestly do lie outside the domain of physical science; the possibility of the continuance of human existence in a spiritual form after the termination of physical life is, beyond contradiction, one of the grandest and most momentous of possibilities, but in the nature of things it lies outside physics. Yet there is nothing absolutely absurd, nothing which contradicts any human instinct, in the supposition of such possibility; consequently the student of physical science, even if he cannot find time or inclination to look into such matters himself, may well have patience with those who can. And he may easily afford to be generous; the field of physical science is grand enough for any ambition, and there is room enough in the wide world both for physical and for psychical research.

In truth, a widespread rebellion amongst some of the most thoughtful of mankind must be the result of any attempt to press the supposed principle of uniformity to the extent of denying all facts and phenomena which do not submit themselves. Religious faith is necessarily conversant with such facts and phe-

nomena; and though even here a familiarity with the conclusions of science may be useful in steadying the mind and fortifying it against superstition, still there are supernatural truths bound up with the Christian creed, towards which it behoves all to bow with respect, and which cannot be refuted by any appeal to the uniformity of nature.

For nature can only be uniform when the same causes are at work; and to declare an alleged fact to be incredible, on the ground that it does not conform to the natural order of things, can only be reasonable upon the hypothesis that no new influence has been introduced in addition to those which the natural order of things recognizes. But such an influence may be found in the action of will, or of some spiritual energy which does not exist in the ordinary natural order.

For example, it would be unwise absolutely to deny on a *a priori* grounds the history of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. There are not wanting examples to show that physical results of a remarkable kind can be produced by abnormal and excessive action of the affections, and feelings, and imagination. Recently recorded cases seem to invest even with a somewhat high probability the alleged experience of St. Francis.

I am not of course committing myself to any opinion as to the spiritual corollaries which may follow from an admission of the reality of the stigmata; one person may say that they have great religious significance, another that they are a curious instance of the physical effect of the imagination. I only argue that they must not be at once brushed away in deference to some supposed law of uniformity.

Still less is it wise to deny the possibility of events, recorded in the life of one greater than St. Francis, on the like ground. I am not going into the argument concerning the miracles and resurrection of the Lord; but I wish to suggest that if the potency of a divine will be admitted, we have in the case of these events to take account of a power which does not present itself in the discussion of natural phenomena. We may well as philosophers admit, in consideration of the special circumstances of the case, the possibility of these supernatural facts, while prizing the principle of uniformity as a working hypothesis, or as more than this. For in truth even the action of the ordinary human will introduces strange breaches of uniformity into nature. Conceive some observer endowed with hu-

man scientific faculties contemplating this earth of ours in the pre-human period. He sees the continents covered with forests, beasts of all kinds disporting themselves in the same, a great vigor of vegetable and animal life both in the sea and on the dry land. But all is absolutely wild, not a single glimpse anywhere of human purpose and contrivance. Suppose our observer to speculate upon the future of this scene of life and activity by the help of the working hypothesis of the uniformity of nature, of which we will liberally allow him the use out of the scientific repertory of our own times. Would it be possible that this working hypothesis could present to his view, as a possible future of the globe, anything essentially different from what he could then see? The limits of land and water might have been observed to vary, and further variation might be anticipated; volcanic action would have been seen to be very active, and it might be expected that volcanoes would still be a potent agent; nay, I will even suppose that an observer is keen enough from his observations to deduce the theory of evolution, and so to expect that the flora and fauna which he witnesses are in process of transformation into something higher; but could he possibly, in his happiest moment, and when his genius was highest, ever have conceived or guessed the change which would come upon the globe when man appeared as the head and crown of the creation? It is not that man would be a stronger, or more active, or more crafty beast, than had ever appeared before, but that he would be a new creature altogether; a creature with plans and purposes of his own, capable of saying, "I intend to do this or that, and I will do it;" a creature, in fact, with a will which, joined to an intelligence infinitely higher than anything exhibited before, would enable him to treat the earth as his own, to subdue the powers of nature, and fashion the earth's surface after his own pleasure; which also would make him a moral agent, and so a creature different in kind from all those which had preceded him. This, however, is not the point upon which I intend to dwell now; what I wish to point out is, that the appearance of man upon the earth would break to fragments any theory which an observer might have formed with the aid of the working hypothesis of the uniformity of nature. The forests disappear, except so far as man finds them convenient; the land is tilled; the rivers are tamed; houses are built;

ships float upon the sea; everything is regarded with reference to human comfort, and the will of man has utterly transformed the whole surface of the globe. The uniformity of nature, as nature had been known or manifested hitherto, is altogether set aside by the action of the will of man.

These examples may be sufficient, or at all events may help, to show the manner in which the hypothesis of the uniformity of nature must be regarded in order that it may express the truth. For my own part, I have no desire to speak lightly of it, or to despise it as a scientific guide. I have no sympathy with that opinion of Cardinal Newman, quoted by Dr. Ward at the meeting of the Metaphysical Society, to the effect that England would be in a far more hopeful condition if it were more superstitious and more bigoted. When he adds "more disposed to quail beneath the stings of conscience and to do penance for its sins than it is," I allow that the words may admit of a wholesome meaning; but superstition, if I understand what is meant by the word, is an immeasurably and unutterably evil thing; it is the substitution for truth of that which is not truth; it is something which, from its possible poetical accompaniments, may be tolerable to man, and nevertheless must, as I conceive, be infinitely intolerable to God. But there is no occasion to sigh for a little more superstition, in order to counteract the evils which may arise from a one-sided view of nature; nor are superstition and bigotry the best guides to true penance; the thing really to be desired is a symmetrical and equal-handed dealing with human and divine knowledge. In the one department, the uniformity of nature may be accepted as a valuable working hypothesis; in the other, we contemplate God, without any hypothesis at all, as the author and original cause of nature, of whose will uniformity and variety are equally and coordinately the expression and the means of manifestation to human intelligence.

To sum up the views which I have endeavored to express in this paper. I trace the belief in the principle described by the phrase "the uniformity of nature," to the direct and indirect influences of the successful application of mathematics to the physical theory of the solar system. The principle so established may be used as a working hypothesis in physical investigations, so far as it predisposes us to seek for law and order in all parts of creation. But it must not be dealt with as an

absolutely true principle, if for no other reason at least for this, that it has not been found practicable to define its meaning with precision. And especially we must take care not to assume it even as an hypothesis, except in cases in which it is quite clear that nothing but physical causes are concerned. Which last consideration should be regarded as a warning, that the introduction of the principle into theological questions may very possibly lead to most erroneous conclusions.

H. CARLISLE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BLACK SHADOWS.

As disasters thickened and closed in Mrs. Marney's letters became more scarce. She was still alone with Madame, whose chief anxiety was for Max, little as he deserved it. "All those friends of his were *drôles*, and he should tell them so," said the old lady, who seemed to think that this was the way to settle matters at once. Then came the news of the siege of Paris. Max was there shut up with the rest of them, but Mrs. Marney wrote in happy excitement, for that same post had brought a letter from her husband. He was safe at headquarters, and day by day the readers of the *Daily Velocipede* might trace his brilliant career. Emperors, princes, marshals, diplomats, Marney seemed to be the centre, and the leading figure of them all.

It was not till January was nearly over that the confirmation of the surrender of Paris reached Tarndale. This news was followed by rumors of every sort, and finally by a long, rambling letter from Mrs. Marney, full of many laments. She had seen little of Marney, who had been at Châlons and Metz most of the time, and who was returning to Paris now that the siege was being raised. Did Susy know that poor Max had been wounded at Champigny? They had had a letter by a balloon from Mademoiselle Fayard, who had seen him in the Wallace ambulance. Madame du Parc also was determined to nurse her son, and talked of returning to the house at Neuilly, which they heard was safe and scarcely injured.

"Do not be surprised if you see me after all," wrote Mrs. Marney. "I cannot

stop here alone with all I love so far distant from me. Ah! Susy; I should have done better to come to you, as you wished, but with my husband in danger how could I leave the country?"

Susy was full of alarm at the thought of her mother's dangerous journey through such a country at such a time. She wrote at once to Neuilly and to Avignon, imploring Mrs. Marney to wait until things were more settled, promising to meet her later in Paris if need be. To her letters she received no answer; and a week passed full of anxiety. Jo was at Cambridge, she had no one but Mr. Bolsover to consult. She might as well have talked to a looking-glass as to the sympathizing little man who invariably reflected her own expression of face. One day Susy thought of telegraphing to Neuilly to ask if her mother had arrived; the answer came sooner than Susanna had dared expect it, early next morning before she was up, —

"Madame du Parc, Neuilly, to Mrs. Dymond, Crowbeck Place, Tarndale."

"Your mother is here very ill; pray come."

Susy did not wait to consult Mr. Bolsover again; she wrote a line to Mrs. Bolsover, sent her little Phrasie to the Hall with the nurse, and started at once by an early train to town.

And thus it happened that at three o'clock in the morning, awakening out of a commonplace dream, Susy found herself on board a steamer nearing the shores of France; with the stars shining through the glass in the roof of the cabin. A lamp is swinging, some of the passengers are preparing to land, wrapping rugs and parcels together. There are dull sounds and trappings overhead, and a couple of low voices are whispering to each other such things as people whispered in that disastrous year of 1871, when all voices were telling of changes and death, and trouble, and people gone away and families ruined and separated. "We shall be in directly," says the first voice, that of the stewardess, "but I don't think you will find one of them left as you expect."

"Ah! those Prussians!" says the second speaker in that whispering voice which people use in darkened places and at night; and still the steamer paddles on. Susy's own thoughts are too anxiously travelling ahead for her to take so keen an interest as she might have done at any other time in this new and unexpected phase of life. Is her journey too late she

wonders, or is her mother still alive, still calling for her, and wanting her? Susy is superstitious, as anxious people are. The two melancholy voices depress her, and seem like an echo of evil things to come; the look of her own hands lying listless in her black lap, frightens her. She starts up impatiently, and begins to hope again as unreasonably as she had feared. Is everything changed, is nothing changed? Can it be that she shall find it all as in old days when troubles were not, nor wars to call men from their quiet toil to join the ranks of devastating armies? Presently they reached the French coast, it is time to go up on deck with the rest of the passengers. Susy keeping to the protection of the other two women comes up on deck and sees the dark line of the quay; lights go by, ropes are hauled in, and once more Susanna hears the familiar French sing-song of the people exclaiming and calling to one another. The voices sound melancholy, but that may be her fancy, or because it is a cock-crow sort of hour. Mrs. Dymond carrying her handbag walks along to the hotel in company with her fellow-travellers. She had come across by chance with a party of Cook's tourists, availing themselves of the escort of the great circumnavigator of our days whose placards and long experience seemed to guarantee the safety of his adventurous followers. The only other ladies of the party were Englishwomen like Susanna herself, and also evidently travelling with a purpose. One, the friend of the stewardess, an old, bedizened creature belonging to the race of the wandering British spinster, walked ahead still bemoaning herself as she went, the other a handsome young woman, of sober dress and appearance, stopped short as she crossed the quay by Mrs. Dymond's side.

"Look!" she said, "a German!" and with a thrill they recognize a brazen spike and the gleam of a helmet as the sentinel passes steadily up and down under a lamp-post in front of a garish-looking restaurant of which all the doors and windows are awake and flaring with gas, and evidently expecting guests.

Susanna for all her sad preoccupations stopped short with the rest of them, and experienced a curious thrill seeing the first ripple of that brazen tide which had overspread the desolate country of France. There the whole story seemed told as she watched the spike of the helmet and the big boots steadily pacing the pavement. She wondered at the courage of the English girl who went straight up to the

sentry and asked him in abruptest German, how soon was he going back to Berlin? The helmet stopped and answered good-naturedly enough, he didn't know, the king was at Rheims, they expected to leave in a day or two. He was a big, tawny young fellow with a handsome, heavy face. Mademoiselle Celestine, the waitress at the Hotel et Restaurant des Etrangers, pouring out her *café-au-lait*s told the passengers that he and his companions were *très gentils*, they had done no harm. They had good appetites but the mayor paid for all they ate; she didn't believe the stories people told. They were there with the general and his staff — Mademoiselle Celestine would have gone on blessing her enemies at greater length but people from above, from around, from below, from within, from without, began calling out "*Garçon, garçon!*" bells rang violently, Cook's tourists shouted, and Britons demanded their suppers.

The house was so crowded, so noisy and uncomfortable, that Susy and her two casual acquaintances, after listening for some minutes to the landlady's glowing descriptions of blazing fires and velvet sofas at the railway station close by, started boldly into the night to find this haven, and to await the six o'clock train there.

A few gas becks were flickering at the station, where they found looking-glasses and velvet sofas according to promise. In the first-class waiting-room a group of officers in white uniforms with many accoutrements were dozing away the time, with their boots and swords extended upon the chairs and couches.

Susy looked at them and instinctively left them to their slumbers, and went into the second waiting-room with her companions and sank down into the first-come seat.

A lady and a little girl were already sitting upon the wooden bench beside her. It was too dark to see their faces, but not too dark to hear the lady's plaintive voice, "What a journey! what nervous terrors! what delays! after six months' enforced absence to return to a country in such a state — no lamps, no omnibus, no trains to depart, Germans everywhere." (Two tall, jangling officers with great cloaks and boots come in from the next room, look round and walk away.) "Ah!" shrieks the lady with fresh exclamations of alarm, "and I without a passport! I could not get one where I was, at Vittington, a little village in the eastern Conté;

nor have I one for that child who only yesterday was studying her piano at a school, for why should she lose her time because her country is being ravaged?" And so the poor lady talks on unheeded, finally nodding off to sleep. The time passed slow and strange and chill, the dawn began to grow, Susy was sitting by a window looking on the platform. A veil of early dew was upon everything, and figures began to move like dreams across the vapor. At last a train arrived with snorts and clamor about five o'clock, conveying among other passengers some wounded Prussians. Then for the first time, Susy, forgetting her own preoccupation, realized the horrors of war; and as she looked again she saw that these were the victors, these wounded, wearied men, scarcely able to drag themselves along. Some were carried in their companions' arms, some sick and languid came leaning on their guns, some again were loaded with spoil and bags. One soldier passed the window carrying a drawing-room clock under his arm, and a stuffed bag like an old clothes-man's upon his back. The wounded were to change carriages, and went hobbling from one train to another; among the rest came a poor Prussian soldier, pale, wasted, with one leg amputated, slowly, painfully dragging on a single crutch, with another man to help him, and in the crowded rush the crutch slipped and the soldier fell to the ground half fainting. His companion tried in vain to raise him; not one of the shadowy figures moved to his help. Susy, with a cry of pity started up; but the glass door was locked and she could not get out. It was a Frenchman, at last, who came forward and picked the poor fellow up, helping to carry him with looks of aversion and deeds of kindness.

And then, at last, the way being clear, the weary Prussians having departed, another train drew up in the early morning light, and Susy found herself travelling towards Paris and her journey's end. The light grew, and with it came the thought of the coming day, what would it bring to her, of good or evil? This much of good it must bring that she should be with her mother. And Du Parc, did she hope to see him? She could not have answered, or acknowledged, even to herself, what she hoped. From her mother she hoped to hear something of his doings, and to get news of that one person in all the world who seemed most to exist for her. She longed to see him, to speak to him once more, to get some certainty of his

well-being, to be reassured by one word, one look. She dreaded the meeting, its inadequate explanation, its heartbreaking, disappointing silence.

The English girl opposite had taken off her hat and smoothed her long plaits of hair, and now, with a Testament in her hand, was reading her early orison. The morning grew, the sunrise touched the wide country, they passed orchards in flower, green spring shining upon every cottage and pleasant garden and spreading fields. One little orchard remained fixed in Susanna's mind, pink with blossoms, and in the midst upreared the figure of a Prussian soldier in full uniform, stretching his arms while the children of the household clustered round about him, and the rays of the rising sun flashed from his brass helmet.

As they travelled on, stopping at the various stations, more passengers got in, all with the same miserable story, sometimes piteous, sometimes half laughable. An old lady with frizzed curls described her home as she had found it after eighty Prussians had inhabited her house, the linen, the crockery, the clocks, all stolen and spoilt, the flowers down-trampled. "They even took my son's cigars, which I had hidden in my wardrobe," said the poor lady, waxing more and more wrath; "and the monsters left a written paper in the box, '*Merci pour les bons cigars!*' Ah! that emperor," says the old lady, "to think what he has brought us to, with his flatteries, and his vanity, and his grand army."

Another woman, dressed in black, sadder, more quiet, who seemed to be returning home, utterly worn out, now spoke for the first time.

"One thing we must not forget," she says, "we have had twenty years of peace, and yet only one man in France has had the courage to adhere to the fallen emperor."

Susy's heart failed her as they neared their journey's end, for they came to a desolate country of broken bridges, of closed houses, of windows and palings smashed, of furniture piled in sheds along the line; and as they neared Paris, to a wide and devastated plain across which the snow was beginning to drift. The plain spread dim and dreary, sprinkled with ghosts of houses, skeletons of walls that had once inclosed homes, now riddled and charred with burnt beams, and seams, and cracks, telling the same sad story, reiterated again and again, of glorious conquest and victory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THREE MILES ALONG THE ROAD.

WHEN Susy stepped out of the train and looked around, she was struck by the change in the people standing all about the station. They had strange, grave, scared faces; they were more like English people than French people; every woman was in mourning, which added to the sadness of the place. A cold east wind was blowing up the silent street and across the open place in front of the railway. A man came to offer to carry her bag; when she told him she wanted a carriage to take her to Neuilly, he shrugged his shoulders. "A carriage," said he; "where am I to find a carriage? the Prussians have made cutlets of our horses."

Susy looked round, there were porters and trucks in plenty, but not a carriage was to be seen. It was a long, weary tramp after a night spent in travelling; but there was no help for it, and after a minute's hesitation, Susy told the man to take up her bag. She had walked farther in old days when she was coming and going and giving her music lessons.

The man trudged in silence; it was a good three miles' walk across the boulevards, and by streets and shops; some were open, some were not yet reassured enough to let down their closed shutters. One of the very first sights which met Susy along the road was a dispirited, straggling regiment marching into Paris from the frontier, torn, shabby, weary, the mud-stained officers marching with the men. These men were boys, for the most part half grown, half clothed, dragging on with a dull and piteous look of hunger and fatigue, while the piercing wind came whistling up the street. "They are disarmed, that is why they look so cold," said the porter, stopping for a moment to look after them. "There is one who can keep up no longer;" as he spoke one of the poor fellows fell out of the ranks, too much exhausted to go on any farther; a halt was called, and many of them sank down on the pavement just where they stopped.

The way seemed longer and longer; more than once she was obliged to rest upon the benches along the road. It was now about twelve o'clock, the sun had come out bright though without warmth, and it somewhat cheered the shivering city. They reached the Arc at last, still swathed in its wooden shields. Susy thought of her last sunset drive, and of the glories in which the stony heroes of

the past had then brandished their spears. Here Susy saw an empty carriage coming out of a side street, and she told the porter to secure it.

The man thanked her for the money she put into his hand as she sank tired out into a corner of the coach. The driver leant back upon his seat, and seeing she was tired and prepared to pay, began to make difficulties.

"Villa du Parc, Avenue de Neuilly?" says the coachman; "you will not find any houses standing in the Avenue de Neuilly. The Prussians have taken care of that. I will drive you if you like; but you will have your course for nothing."

"Pray drive on," said Susy wearily, "I will tell you when to stop."

"When I tell you that there are no houses left to drive to!" persists the coachman, "but I must be paid all the same, whether the house is there or not."

"Yes, of course you shall be paid," said poor Susy, utterly tired, frightened, impatient, scarcely knowing what to fear or to expect.

Madame du Parc's letter had been dated from the villa, but Susanna's heart began to fail her as she drove on. They drove past blackened walls, by trees half destroyed and charred, and breaking out into pale fresh green among the burnt and broken branches; and by gardens all trampled and ravished.

Susanna was almost too weary to think, too sadly impressed to be frightened. She seemed to herself to have gone through some great battle, some long and desperate siege, and now again, when the victory had been so sorely won, the enemy repulsed with such desperate resolution, now that she was so tired, so worn, came a fresh assault more difficult to withstand than anything that had gone before. Should she see him again, would he be there at home once more, was he well of his wound, was it — was it Max or her mother that she had come for? she suddenly asked herself with an angry, desperate effort. Mrs. Dymond, absorbed in her own thoughts, had driven past the house without seeing it, and the coachman had stopped of his own accord in a sunny, windy corner, where three ruined streets divided from the broad avenue.

"Well!" says he, "I told you how it would be."

She looked blankly up and down the road; she scarcely knew where she was. Then, as she looked again, she remembered once seeing Du Parc coming up

one of these streets in his workman's blouse.

"Am I to turn up these roads — am I to go on?" cries the coachman, again stamping his wooden shoes upon the box to warm his feet.

"I will get out, follow me," says Susy, suddenly remembering where they had come to, and she sprang out and walked back along the avenue to the villa, which was not far distant. It seemed like a miracle to see the old green gates actually standing, and the villa unaltered in the shaded garden. The gates were splintered and half broken down, the garden trampled over, but the house was little changed and stood in the cold spring sunshine, with no sign of the terrible wave of war which had passed over the village. Even the weathercock was safe, glittering and quivering changeably, for the east wind had gone round to some warmer quarter. A sick woman, propped up by pillows, was sitting out in the garden, a stout old lady was trotting backwards and forwards from the house with wraps and bottles and all that miserable paraphernalia of sickness. (How well one knows the look of it, one could almost believe that pain and suffering and sleepless nights came in those bottles and round china pots. Nervous miseries, brown studies, blue devils, pink, yellow, white decoctions, there they all stand waiting to be taken at bed-time or dinner-time, or whatever the proper time may be.)

Poor Mary Marney was looking wild and worn, and strangely changed in these few months.

"The wind blows chill," she was saying querulously. "If only I could get into that patch of sunshine, but I can't move, I can't get there," she cried, suddenly breaking down.

"La! la! la! la!" says Madame du Parc, extra noisy, trying to be cheerful. "What is there to prevent you being in the sunshine. *Aie!*" adds Madame, "if it was not for this rheumatic arm I could carry you there myself. Denise! what are you about?"

Susy stood frozen in the gateway for a moment, too shocked to move.

Was this her mother, this her busy, hard-working mother, thus changed, thus terribly altered in so short a time?

While she paused, Mary, looking up, saw her daughter, and gave a faint scream. Madame also looks up.

"*A la bonheur!*" says the one cheerful, unemotional person present. "You see she come at once, and I was right," cries

the old lady, rushing to the front and bestowing two hearty kisses on Susy's pale cheeks.

All Madame's preventions were gone. Susy was in her highest favor.

"You are a googirl to come," she repeated, pronouncing it as if it was one single word.

"Mamma, my dear! my dear!" Susy whispered, kneeling down by her mother's side; for she could not stand. "I have come to fetch you, I have come to make you well again, mamma! mamma!" She hardly knew what she said in her low, tender whisper; but Mary saw her looks of love, felt her warm, panting breath, and the quick beat of the pulses, and asked no more.

Madame took Susy up-stairs after a while. The house had been used as an ambulance. There were beds everywhere — in the dining-room and the drawing-room. Most of the appliances of the ambulance had remained.

Susy followed her hostess into one of the rooms; it had been the little boys' nursery; it was now full of empty iron bedsteads.

The old lady made her sit down on one of them, as she told her, not without kindness, but plainly enough, what the doctor had said.

"He had declared Mrs. Marney to be suffering from an aneurism; her very life depended on perfect calm and quiet — calm! quiet! I ask you how is that to be procured? And that vile husband! Oh! I could tell her how deceived she is in him, but she will not hear reason;" and Madame, in that peculiar voice in which people repeat scandal and bad news, assured Susy that Marney was not far off, he was comfortably established in the neighborhood, and absenting himself on purpose. Max had heard things in his ambulance. A wounded man there had had dealings with Marney. "We will go together," says Madame, "we will make inquiry. When we are chased from this, as my son declares will be the case, your dear mother must not be abandoned. I must go back; I have no rents, nothing to depend upon here. In the south Max has a little farm, which will keep us both. I sent for you, my poor child, when I heard the doctor's terrible announce, and we will arrange presently what we should do. Here is your old room; the doctor of the ambulance has been living here; you see nothing is new. It is all the same."

There is something which appeals to

most imaginations in places scarcely altered, when those who inhabit them are so changed. Susy looked round as she sank wearily down upon the old creaking wooden bedstead. How often before this had she cried herself to sleep upon it! She looked at the whitewashed walls, at the shadow of the window-bar travelling across the tiles; then a curious shock reminded her of the difference of the now and of the time to which she had travelled back again.

She came down to find her mother impatiently waiting for her. Mrs. Marney had been carried into the sitting-room, and Susy's hope sank afresh as she looked at the changed face turned to the door, and expecting her so eagerly. One little crisp, familiar wave of curly hair beneath her cap seemed the only thing which remained of Susy's mother as she had been but a few weeks ago.

Poor Mrs. Marney was worn by many sorrows and anxieties besides her illness. Of Marney she knew scarcely anything, and that was the chief of her many pains.

"Oh, Susy! I would not trouble you with my troubles," she said, "but I have gone through more than I could bear. After the first weeks at Avignon he scarcely wrote; he scarcely gave one sign, and I knew not what to fear. I have been mad to see him. Madame has said cruel things which I seem to have no strength to hear. I wrote to him when I first came here. And now I hear nothing, I know nothing."

Susy turned scarlet; but she soothed her mother again, with many gentle words and caresses.

CHAPTER XXX.

ADIEU LES SONGES D'OR.

THINGS come about simply and naturally which seem very terrible and full of emotion beforehand. Here was Susanna, after all that had happened, standing with Madame du Parc by Max's bedside, and neither of the three seemed moved beyond their ordinary looks and ways. Had they parted yesterday in a garden of roses they could not have met more quietly, though they met with disaster all about, among omens and forebodings of worse evil to come. For a moment the room seemed to Susy to shake beneath her feet, but it was only for a moment. The sight of his pale, worn face, so sad and strangely marked with lines of care, and yet so familiar withal, called her back to the one thought of late so predominant in her

mind: what she could do for him, how she could help him best. Of sentiment and personal feeling she could not think at such an hour.

Great events carry people along into a different state of mood and being, to string them to some greater chord than that of their own personality. In all these strange days and stirring episodes Susanna seemed to herself but one among the thousands who were facing the crisis of their fate, a part of all the rest, and yet at the same time she knew that every feeling she had ever known was there keenly alive, unchanged by change.

"Ah! we have had a narrow escape," said Madame. "They got the ball out of his chest; a little more and it was in his lungs. But he is well now, and he was able to save his man. Eh! Max?"

"Save my man, mamma?" said Max, smiling faintly. "There was not much of him saved, poor fellow. I pulled what was left of him from under his horse, then some one helped me up. By the way, can you arrange for Adolphe to return to the villa to-morrow? Caron will bring a carriage for us."

"Why of course, *comment donc*. I will speak to the sister at once," said Madame du Parc, jumping up. Then she paused. "Susy has something to ask you," she said. "Who was it, Max, who saw Marney at St. Cloud? Who can give us his address?"

"It was Adolphe," said Max shortly. "You had better leave Mr. Marney to his own affairs."

"I wish it were possible," Susy said with a sigh; "but my mother cannot rest day or night. I am driven to look for him. It is only to help her that I am here."

"You will find Adolphe in the next room," said Du Parc, looking disappointed. "My mother will guide you. Good-bye; do not stay now," and he put out his hand.

He spoke advisedly. He was still weak from illness. This meeting was almost too much for his strength, and he dreaded one kind word from Susy, lest, like a woman, he should break into tears. These were not times for tears of sensibility. There had been too many tears shed, Max used to think. Statesmen wept when they should have resolved; made speeches where silence would have been more to the purpose; and Du Parc felt that for the present, for Susy's sake and for his own, they must be as strangers together. His was a somewhat old

fashioned creed, but one which, after all, has kept the world going in honor and self-respect since the beginning of all honor, and Du Parc, having made up his mind, was not in the habit of wasting his time by undoing it again. He was but half a Frenchman, but he loved his country, its welfare, its good name beyond all other things. For the last four weeks he had lain patiently waiting for his wound to heal, now that his strength was returning he longed to be at work once more. It was little enough, but it was something. One more pair of arms to help to keep order in the chaos, one more recruit on the side of justice and of law.

Max followed Susanna's tall retreating figure to the door with his sick man's wistful looks. She stopped for a moment, looked back, faintly smiled, and passed on. The two were in deeper sympathy in their silent estrangement than in any romantic protests and explanations. The next room had been a grand lady's boudoir once. It was still hung with a few smart pictures and ornamental glasses. A young soldier, in undress, with a wounded shoulder, who was standing in a window, greeted them cheerfully and immediately began fumbling with his good arm at his red trousers pocket.

"Good-morning, Madame du Parc," he cried. "Your son told me he was expecting you. I want to show you this." And he produced a purse, in which, with some coppers, was a piece of his own bone wrapped up in newspaper.

The next man to him who was bed-ridden brought a bit of his knee-cap from under the pillow. He had a handsome brown face, and lay looking up wearily; he couldn't sleep, he was never at ease, he said; his comrade had been writing home for him. "He won't tell them of his wound," cried the man in the window. "He made me say that he had a slight sprain in the leg," and the good-natured young fellow roared with laughter at the joke. "Never mind, we shall see thee a captain yet, Jean!" he said gaily.

"A captain! not even a corporal," answers poor Jean.

Some other men who were playing cards and dominoes at a table in the centre of the room looked up and greeted Madame du Parc, who seemed to know them all. One poor fellow, who was looking over a comrade's cards, came striding forward with both hands in his trousers pockets. This was the Adolphe whom Max had saved at the risk of his own life. He was a sergeant, a superior sort of man, with a

handsome face. He had been a carpenter when the war broke out. He had been wounded in the side. He had a wife and three little children, he told Susanna. He was going home to them, "but I shall never be able to work for them again," he said sadly, and Susy could hardly repress a cry of compassion as he showed her his stumped fingers—they had been clean cut off both hands.

"*Tu vivras de tes rentes*," cried one of the card-players cheerfully, and again the poor fellows all laugh, not heartlessly, but with the real courage and humility of endurance, which is more touching than any bitter complaints. Adolphe, who had been taken prisoner, had seen Marney at Versailles in the Prussians' headquarters, and it was Marney who had helped his escape, giving him money and also certain commissions to execute in Paris. Adolphe, being questioned, told Susy of a place where Marney was always to be heard of; he had often carried letters for him there—a café at St. Cloud, it was easy enough to find. While they were talking, Madame, who hated being quiet, was walking round the room with her basket on her arm, distributing various things which she thought might be useful to the patients. She offered a newspaper to one of them, who refused it gaily with thanks.

"I never read them," said he, "since the war began, they are nothing but lies. Holloa! Who wants the last number of the *Fausse Nouvelle*?" he shouts.

A few beds off lay a poor Englishman. He had enlisted in the line. He had been with General Faily at Lyons. "He has been very ill, poor fellow," said Madame, as Susy joined her. "John Perkins! here is an English lady come to see you!"

"See me! There is not much of me fit to see," muttered poor John Perkins wearily, pulling up the sheet over his face.

The sister in charge now came up. She was dressed in her sisters' dress, with a white coiffe and loose grey sleeves. She had a fine and sensitive face, and spoke like a person of some distinction, but she seemed distressed and over-tasked.

"Your son has a home to go to; he is ready to go, the doctor tells me. So many of my patients would be the better for a change, but I have nowhere to send them. Everything is in ruins. Our convalescent hospital has been wrecked; the furniture has been given for ambulances. All is gone, all is destroyed. We do all we can for them. Mr. Wallace says they are to have anything they want."

It was a handsome house, polished and shining, there were Englishmen to wait, carved ceilings, tall windows, and yet it was a sad place to think of. Susy came away haunted by pain. Madame was not a comforting companion, the consciousness of all this suffering rendered her morose and irritable. She was anxious about her son, and she had the fate of her old friend, Mademoiselle Fayard, on her mind. Mademoiselle Fayard, after being driven from Neuilly, had lodged over an undertaker's shop in the same street as the hospital, and thither Madame insisted on going.

The young undertaker received them in the uniform of the National Guard. "Mademoiselle Fayard and her brother were gone," he said, "but their address was always to be had at the convent of the *Petites Sœurs*." In reply to inquiries about himself, he answered blushing, that he had volunteered. He had been in three battles, and had got his discharge; he had been wounded. His wife had given him up for dead. He found her in mourning for him when he got back.

It was but a few hours since Susy had left her home, and already it seemed to her natural to hear all these histories, to see ruin and trouble on every side, and incongruous things which no longer surprised her. A few minutes later she was standing with Madame du Parc in the old courtyard of a convent. A pile of knapsacks was heaped against the old grey wall, some soldiers were coming in at the gateway, and two nuns were advancing to receive them. The soldiers looked well pleased, and the nuns, too, seemed amused. They were all on the best of terms. The nuns smile and fold their hands, the soldiers laugh and nod and scamper up-stairs to their allotted cells. "Poor fellows! they would have had to sleep out of doors all night if we had not taken them in," said the nuns. "We had one ward of the infirmary empty, and the superior said the soldiers might occupy it." The sister went on to tell Madame du Parc how they had kept their infirmary open almost all through the siege until one morning when a poor old fellow had gone out early to get a drink at the fountain in the garden, and an obus fell and killed him, "just there where the sun is shining," said the Sœur Marie Joseph. "All of the nuns wanted to go to him, but *bonne mère* ordered us down on our knees and went alone. The Prussians seemed to have got the range of our convent, for the shells fell at intervals all that day, and we moved

the old men, not without difficulty and danger. We had hardly got them out when a great bomb came crashing into the infirmary. You can see for yourself," says the sister, opening the infirmary door.

All was restored again, the holes were mended in the floor with squares of new wood, the orderly beds were in their places, and the old men safe back in their beds.

"Nothing happens to us," said an old fellow, with a long white beard, sitting up in bed; "here we lie, tied by the leg!"

"I have been to Prussia," says another, in an armchair, beside him, with a white nightcap pulled over his ears, talking on continuously whether any body listened to him or not, "I have pillaged, too, in my time, but, thank God [*Dio! marchi* he pronounced it], we are not bad men like those Prussians. We used to take to eat because we were hungry. We didn't pillage for nothing at all. No, no; we are soldiers, not bandits," says he, bringing his hand down upon his knee. "If we hadn't been betrayed we should have smashed those Prussians."

"Yes, we should have smashed them!" cries a third old feeble fellow on his pillow just beyond.

A lady in black was sitting by his bedside, a sweet-faced woman. A *dame de charité* they called her, an Englishwoman, living in Paris, who gave herself up to visiting the poor. When they asked the nuns about Mademoiselle Fayard, they said she too was well known at the convent, and often came to read to the old men. She was lodging close by with her brother, next door to the Carmelite convent in the adjoining street. Mrs. Dymond was longing to get home to her own sick woman again, and Madame du Parc promised that this should be their last visit. Susanna could not help thinking of Dante's journey as she followed Madame's steady steps. They came out into the street, and presently found themselves standing in the Rue d'Enfer in front of an old grim house, with grey and silent walls, against which came the beating sleet and the cutting winds. Two men were at work in the yard carting away a heap of stones and plaster. A little girl was standing at the door, too much engrossed by the bombshells to understand what they said at first. "Look! they are removing the ruins from the chapel, the bombs fell just there, mesdames, piercing right through into the cellar beneath. The director of the ladies escaped as by

a miracle. We only came home yesterday. Our lodge is in an indescribable state." By degrees the little girl was made to understand what it was they wanted, and after consultation with her mother, who was at work indoors, she came back with the news that Mademoiselle Fayard was at home, up-stairs at the very top of the house, and Susy and her old guide now climbed flight after flight of stone steps, bound together, as in old French houses, by wrought iron banisters. At the very top of the house, under the skylight, they found the door to which they had been directed, and rang a bell, which echoed in the emptiness. Presently they heard steps, and the door was opened, and Mademoiselle Fayard, the shadow of herself, so thin, changed, worn, limp, opened the door. Madame's grunts of compassionate recognition nearly overcame the poor lady as she fell weeping into her old friend's arms. She flitted before them exclaiming, and hastily opened the door of the room where she had been sitting with her brother. It was a long, low room in the roof of the old house, littered with books and packing-cases. They had prepared to fly at one time, Mademoiselle Fayard explained, and had commenced to pack.

"Brother! brother! here is Madame du Parc," cries the ghost of Mademoiselle Fayard to the skeleton of her brother, who was sitting in an old dressing-gown by a smouldering stove in the semi-darkness of the room. The old lady had already lit up her lamp, and as they came in she hospitably turned it up with her trembling hands, while he disencumbered two chairs for the ladies. "Oh! my poor frens," says Madame, sitting heavily down. "What have we all suffered!" Susy could only look her pity as she listened to the sad reiteration of cold, hunger, hope deferred, darkness and anxiety.

The Fayards were both speaking together; they described their past alarms, their weary waiting, how the food and the fuel failed first, and then the light; they used to go to bed at seven o'clock, and lie awake the long hours listening to the boom of the guns; how towards the end of the siege the bombs began to fall in their street and upon the houses all around them; the old lady and gentleman felt the crash of the first that fell into the linen-closet of the ladies of the Carmelite convent next door; the *pompier*s had hardly put out the fire when another bomb broke into the chapel. The *petite sœur tourière*, who was arranging the altar, stood alone

and unhurt in the midst of the falling timber and glass, but the pulpit was destroyed, and the marble columns were injured, the sisters could not escape because of their vow, and had to remain in the cellars. For a whole fortnight, every day, the priest went down to say mass, though it was dangerous to cross the court, for bomb after bomb kept falling there.

"Once we went away," said Mademoiselle Fayard, in her extinguished voice, "but we had to come back for food. Our ticket was of no use in any other district, and we thought it best to remain at home. Many days I have waited for three hours in the pouring rain to obtain our daily allowance of food. We could hardly cook it, we had no fuel left. Oh! it was bitter cold," said she; "we have endured very much; and if only it had been to some good end we should not have felt our sufferings." The old people promised to come over very soon. They asked affectionately after Max. Mademoiselle Fayard had been to see him in the ambulance as soon as she heard of his wound. He, too, had been to see them during the siege. He had brought them a couple of new-laid eggs "as a present," said the old lady. "I know he paid fifteen francs for the two. Oh, Madame, the price of everything! Cabbages were five francs apiece! Elephants, monkeys, cats, all were at exorbitant prices."

As the two women turned homewards, the streets were full of people in black, with sad faces; they passed soldiers and more soldiers, all disarmed and ragged to look upon, and Franc-tireurs in top-boots lined with old newspapers. As they passed the Luxembourg Gardens they could see the tents of the shivering soldiers sleeping within. Many of them were sick, just out of ambulance, some had not even tents.

Madame du Parc walked on steadily, and Susy hurried after. They were both anxious to get home, but as they passed a bookseller's shop on the quay, Madame du Parc went in for one minute to ask some questions about M. Caron, who was a friend of the shopkeeper. M. Caron was down near Corbeil looking after his mills; he was coming up next day; nobody was doing any business. The bookseller himself had only opened his shop for company. He directed them to a coach-yard close by, where they now went in search of a carriage, and thought themselves lucky to find one. Their journey home was enlivened by the coachman's

remarks. What did they think of his horse? It was one of three left out of a hundred and fifty. The man stopped of his own accord before the column of victory. A flag was flowing from the top, garlands had been twined about its base. "A *mirilton*, that is what it looks like," he cried, cracking his whip gaily.

As he spoke a little cart was slowly passing by, in which sat two women dressed in black.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ST. CLOUD AFTER THE STORM.

MAX and Adolphe came back next day in the carriage M. Caron had sent for them. They were a pale and depressed-looking couple. As their strength returned day by day, in common with many of the wounded they seemed to feel their country's cruel wounds more and more keenly. Bourbaki was not alone in his despair and passionate regret. Many men committed suicide, many lost their senses, but others pulled themselves together and bravely by degrees began to reconstruct their lives once more. Max tried to make a rally when he came in to see his old friend, Mrs. Marney. But he could not put away the lines in his face, the hollow rings round his eyes; he laughed, but it was but a melancholy echo of long-past gaiety.

"Why, Maxwell, ye look thin and half-starved, and yet none the less handsome for that," said Mrs. Marney, smiling faintly, and indeed what she said was true enough. As he stood there in his torn and shabby uniform, he seemed to the three women more stately than any general in brilliant orders and triumphant prosperity.

"We must keep him with us, and make him strong and fat!" says Madame, who was the least changed of the party as she stood beside her son in her Rembrandt-like old age.

"Are ye a general, Max, or only a colonel?" said Mrs. Marney. "I wish you would tell them to cease firing their cannon and to leave us in peace!"

"I am neither a general nor a colonel," said Max gravely, "and as for telling them to leave off, I might as well speak to the winds and the seas. Our troubles are not over; you must let your daughter take you to her home, Madame; this is no place for women. There is no time to lose. She should be away from here."

And yet he was glad that Susy had come; he had doubted her at one time,

tried to do her cruel injustice, to put her away out of his thoughts with some hatred mixed with his feeling, some angry resentment for those very qualities for which he had loved her. Now they met with an abyss between them, but he could not see her unmoved even at such a time as this, and as Max went on packing, ordering, arranging, the thought of her was in all he did; she looked worn and tired, the worst had not yet come. Max stopped to consider what would be best for them all. His mother must go into safety and chance had favored him there. Susy must be sent back without delay taking her mother with her.

But Mrs. Marney would not hear of going away, she almost screamed when her daughter gently and tenderly suggested it, and repeated what Max had said. The mere hint of a move threw her into a state of such hysteric grief, that Susy feared she might die then and there in her arms.

"Go without seeing Mick, Susy, are you made of stone? Don't you know that he is my husband, my love, my life? Go home yourself, — and indeed your child must be wanting you, — leave me, only leave me, in peace to die. Madame *must* go, I know that well enough; has she not said so a dozen times a day? I only ask to be left; my husband might come back and find me gone, I who never failed him yet." It was all so piteous, so incoherent, so tragical, that neither Susy nor her old friend knew how to reason with it.

Madame du Parc was preparing to start at once, her "affairs" were weighing on her mind. "If I delay there are those who are ill-disposed, who are hungering to lay their hands on our propriety. I must have a home for Max." In despair, and scarcely knowing what to suggest, Mrs. Dymond determined to go and find Marney at once, if he could be found. He would be the best person to persuade his wife.

Madame du Parc had been talking to Maxwell's coachman. It happened by chance that the carriage Caron had engaged belonged to Versailles, and was returning that afternoon. Carriages were rare, and Susy, finding that she could hire this one, after a couple of hours' rest for the horses, determined to set off on her quest without loss of time. Denise was left in charge of the sick woman; Madame, availing herself of the opportunity, proposed to accompany Mrs. Dymond.

"Max is at home," she said; "your mother is used to him; he will go up if he

is wanted, and that Adolphe is very handy, poor fellow." It was Adolphe who saw them off, and who told the coachman where to drive when they reached St. Cloud. So they started along the desolate road. Madame's grunts, groans, and exclamations, seemed the most lively and cheerful sounds by the way.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Only look at the ruined houses! That is poor Mademoiselle Fayard's apartment up there, right up there."

Mademoiselle Fayard's late apartment was now nothing but a sort of hanging grotto in the air, and consisted of three sides of a blackened room, of which the floor was gone, the ceiling was gone, although by some strange freak of chance and war the gilt looking-glass still hung upon its nail in which Mademoiselle Fayard had been used to crimp her curls. All the rest of the tidy little home had crumbled and fallen away.

"Ah, Susy — I must call you Susy still — how terrible it all is! Only just now I say to my son, 'Let us go together, Max; come away to the south — bring your tools and your work and let us live rational lives once more.' But he will not. He say to me, 'Go, mother; you go, I will follow when my work here is done.' His work, what is it, I ask you? He have finished M. Caron's book, and now, when I go into the studio I see nothing on the walls. Why does he not come away? If only your dear mamma could travel with us she too might enjoy the peace, the beautiful clime of Avignon. But she have you now; you are a better cure than an old *patraque* like me; you must take her to your home, and make her happy with you."

Susy looked away, her eyes were heavy with tears, she felt that no nurse, no care could ever make her mother happy again. Madame went on talking and exclaiming; when Susy could listen to her again, she found she had gone back to the war, to her terrors, to her joy, when she found her house spared by miracle. They floated their ambulance flag over the roof, and those abominable Prussians did not dare fire upon the villa. "And now they say there is still danger, and we must go. It is horrible."

So the voice monotonously droned on, and meanwhile they drove their way by a desolate road, a Pompeii of the nineteenth century, past deserted houses, open to the winds, past fallen walls, between the blackened homes, all alike forsaken and abandoned. The pleasant country-seats,

the schools, the shops, were all empty and wrecked. Here and there they passed soldiers leading horses; and carts, loaded with household goods, slowly laboring along the way. Men and women came slowly dragging trucks piled with what few possessions they had saved from the storm.

At last they reached St. Cloud itself, and once more Madame exclaimed in consternation. Overhead the sky shone blue and the clouds were floating gaily, but the village of St. Cloud looked like a pile of children's bricks overthrown by a wayward hand, so complete was the change and confusion. The stones were heaped in the streets, only the shells of the tall houses were standing still, with strips of paper fluttering from the ruined walls. Here and there were relics and indications of the daily life of the inhabitants. In one place a birdcage was found hanging unharmed among the ruins. At the corner of the principal street (how well Susy remembered standing there little more than a year before with Max, when the imperial carriages rolled by and all seemed so prosperous) a tall pile of ruined houses upreared their black walls. High up overhead a kitchen range, with its saucepans, was still fixed, and some toppling chairs were wedged into a chimney-stack. At the foot of the ruin, three women in country cloaks were standing together looking up vacantly at the charred houses. They had but just come home to find their homes gone and utterly destroyed.

A few steps farther on Susy saw a child playing battledore and shuttlecock in front of the blown-up houses. High up against the sky she could see the gutted château, still standing on its terrace, while the sky showed pink through the walls. Some sight-seers were standing looking about. "Papa, monte par ici, si tu veux voir quelquechose de beau," cries a boy, springing up on a heap of bricks, and pointing to a fallen street. Although the whole place was thus ravaged and destroyed, by some odd chance the spire of the church and its bells remained untouched.

The café was also little harmed, and some people were sitting as usual drinking at the little tables in front of the windows.

For once the presence of these indifferent philosophers was reassuring; one of them, who had already imbibed more drink than was necessary, to prove his philosophy began a song with a chorus in which two or three of his companions joined.

"Listen to them," said a workman going by; "they drink and sing while their country is in ruins." And he flung some common word of disgust at them, and trudged on his way.

Madame was looking at the address Adolphe had given her.

"This must be the very place—see, 'Café de l'Empire' is painted outside. Here, garçon!" and she beckoned to the waiter.

The waiter professed to know nothing of M. Marney. He had never heard the name; no Englishman was staying there. In vain Madame harangued and scolded. Madame was not to be repulsed by a little difficulty. She slipped a five-franc piece into the waiter's hand.

"Try and find out Monsieur Marney's address within," said she, "and I will give you a second piece."

"His wife is very ill," said Susy, bending forward; "he is sadly wanted at home. We have come to find him."

"Can it be the capitaine you want?" said the waiter, suddenly relenting, as he looked at her entreating face; "a fine man, not tall, but well dressed, and well set-up, curly hair, moustache *en croc*?" And as they assented, "I did not know his name; our patron sends all his letters to Versailles. Wait!" And the man ran back into the house.

"Ah, you see, he knew very well," says Madame du Parc, with satisfaction, and in a minute the waiter returned with a paper, on which was written, in Marney's writing, "15, Rue des Dominicains, Versailles."

"Ah! That is just what we wanted; and now the coachman must take us on quickly," said Madame. "Good-morning, young man."

The waiter refused the second five-franc piece that Susy would have given him as they drove away.

"One is enough," said he. "If the captain comes I will do your commission." And spreading his napkin wings he flew back again to his work.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT VERSAILLES.

THE carriage rolled on along by the banks of the river, by more ruin, by desolation in every form; a few people were out, a few houses and shops were opening once more; the gardens bloomed with spring, and lilac and laburnum; the skies were bright, and the ruins black.

The coachman stopped at a village to

give his horse a drink. A great pile of crockery stood in the middle of the street; all about houses, wine-shops, wayside inns, alike abandoned, a blacksmith's forge, empty and silent, a great seared barrack standing gaunt and deserted. It was one continuous line of desolation all along. Here and there a face looked out of some rifled home, and disappeared into the ruins. A cart went crawling by, piled with household goods. Out of one big broken house, with shutters flapping and windows smashed, issued a grand carriage, with a coachman and groom in full livery, and twinkling harness, and horses looking strangely smart and out of place. A little further on was a china shop that seemed to have escaped by miracle; its broken panes were mended with paper. Then came children two by two. They reached Versailles in less time than they expected. It was barely five o'clock, the sun was sinking in a warm and cheering stream of light. As they drove into the city, they heard the distant sound of a military band. Great changes were taking place, not the least being that the Germans were leaving. As they came up the street they met a company, spiked and girt, tramping out of the town. The soldiers marched past the old palace that had sheltered so many dynasties with stony impartiality, bearing in turns the signs of each invading generation. The noble gardens were flushed with blossom and growing summer; the shops were all open, the children were at play in the streets. On the walls were affixed papers in French and German, sales of horses, of camp furniture. Susy read of the approaching departure of the — Company of the Hessian Division, with a notice requiring any claims to be immediately sent up, and a list of the articles to be disposed of by public sale. As they waited to let the soldiers pass, some more Germans came out of a stable across the road, carrying huge bundles of straw upon their backs and talking loudly to one another. How strange the echo of their voices sounded, echoed by the stately old walls of Versailles!

The soldiers were gone; they were driving on again along the palace gardens, when Madame leant forward with a sudden exclamation. "There is Marney!" she said. "I see him; he turn in there at the palace gate." And the old lady, leaning forward, loudly called to the coachman to stop. "We will go after him," she said to Susy; "there is no time to lose."

Susy did not say a word. It had to be gone through, and she silently followed Madame, who was crossing the great court with heavy rapid steps in pursuit of the figure she had recognized. They met with no opposition. The guardian of the galleries stared at them as they hurried by; the place was nearly empty; they saw a distant figure rapidly retreating, and Madame hurried on in pursuit from one echoing gallery to another, past the huge pictures of Napoleon and his victories, past a great gilt frame boarded carefully from view. One or two people were passing and re-passing along the gallery, but Marney (if Marney it was) vanished suddenly, and was nowhere to be found. Madame severely questioned a guardian standing by a doorway. He had seen no one pass within the last few minutes, but there were many exits; there was one door leading to the great hall which had been turned into an ambulance, and people were constantly going out by it. The officers were gone, he told them; a few of the men still remained, and one young lieutenant, whose sister had come from Germany to nurse him. Susy had hardly patience to listen during Madame's various questions and observations, to which the custodian, being a cautious man, returned guarded answers. "That was a portrait of the queen of Prussia, boarded over by command; now that the Prussians were going it was to be unboarded, by order." "Yes, he had been there all the time. He had faithfully served the emperor. He was prepared as faithfully to do his duty by any one who came." A Coriolanus could not have uttered sentiments more noble and patriotic. At last, finding it was hopeless to inquire further, they got into the carriage once more and drove to the address in the Rue des Dominicains.

"No. 15! This must be No. 15," says Madame, stopping before a low white house, with a high roof and a door opening to the street. She knocked with two loud, decided raps, raising the heavy scrolled knocker. In a little while the heavy door was opened by a stupid-looking girl in a white cap, who seemed utterly bewildered by her questions.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Marney lived there. He was not at home; he was gone to St. Cloud."

"When will he be in?" says Madame in her loud voice. "I will wait for him. I am Madame Marney's friend."

The girl looked more and more stupid. "Madame is here, I will call her," she

said, and she went into a ground-floor room.

Almost immediately a woman, with strange glittering eyes and yellow tawny hair, and some sort of a pink dressing-gown, flung open a door upon the passage. "You are asking for Madame Marney?" she said, with a defiant air. "What do you want?"

"I come from Madame Marney," said the old lady, looking very terrible. "She is ill, seriously ill. She wishes to see her husband at once, and I must insist —"

But before the old lady could finish her sentence the woman screamed out to the girl, "What are you doing, Marie? Turn out these German spies," and, with a look of furious hatred, sprang forward, violently thrusting poor old Madame backwards out of the doorway and banging the heavy door in her face. Susy, who had not come in, had just time to catch Madame du Parc, or she would have fallen. It was a horrible scene, a hideous, degrading experience.

The old lady was a minute recovering her breath; then the two looked at one another in silence as they stood together outside the closed house.

"Oh, what abomination!" said Madame, shuddering and putting up her hands. "Oh, my poor, poor fren! Oh, Susie, my poor Susie, I have long feared how it might be; I have now the certainty."

Susanna, who had turned pale, rallied with a great effort. She would not acknowledge, even to herself, much less to Madame, what a miserable revelation had come to her in that brief moment. "That woman had been drinking," she said very coldly; "she seemed half mad. Dear Madame, we will go no farther. Mr. Marney is sure to receive my mother's message from one person or another, and perhaps, to make sure, you will kindly write to both his addresses when you get back. Let us go home now, mamma will be waiting." And then, telling the man to drive them to the station, they drove away in the rattling carriage, with the tired horses, scarcely speaking a single word.

The wreck of her sweet mother's generous love and life's devotion seemed to Susy sadder and more terrible than any crash of war, any destruction and ravage. What were broken stones, what were overturned walls and fortunes, so long as people could love and trust each other? Once more that idea came into her mind, which she would never let herself dwell

upon, a thought of what two lives might be, even tried, even parted, but with trust and love and holy confidence to bind them together.

They were too soon for the train, and had to wait some few minutes at the station; as they stood there in the sunset, two deputies were walking up and down the platform talking gloomily.

"So! the young men of Metz and Strasbourg are to wear the Prussian helmet," said one of them as they passed; "it is of a piece with all the rest."

"I don't know what there is left for us now," said the other, speaking with emotion. "Where is our safety? Paris is at the mercy of the first comer. I have seen as many as two hundred young men in a week passing in a file through my village to avoid conscription." And the voices passed on.

The train arrived at last puffing along the line, and Susy and Madame got into the first vacant carriage. There they found a trio—a father, a mother in a smart bonnet, a son, a pink-faced youth holding a huge cane and tassel. All these, too, were talking eagerly—they paid no attention whatever to the entrance of the two women.

FATHER. "Yes, yes, yes! talk to me of change! what does change mean? A revolution. Quick, add two or three millions to the national debt. Do you know what the debt was thirty years ago when the minister of finance proposed to pay it off? Now it is just four times the sum! Give us another revolution and we double it again. Liberty! Oh yes! Liberty, or every man for himself. As for me I vote for the man in power because I love my country, and I wish for order above all; I voted for the emperor and now I shall vote for a republic, and believe me the only way to preserve a republic is to take it out of the hands of the republicans."

SON (*angrily*). "But, father, our armies were gaining, if only we republicans had been allowed to have our way."

FATHER (*sarcastically*). "Yes, everybody gained everywhere, and meanwhile the Prussians advanced."

MOTHER (*shrilly echoing the father*). "Pyat! Flourens! these are your republicans, Auguste. They are mud, do you hear, mud, mud, mud."

Enter an old lady, handed carefully by the guard. "Ah! sir! many thanks! Madame! I thank you. I am a poor *émigrée* returning after six months absence, alas!

I had hoped to be spared the sight of a Prussian, but that was not to be."

MOTHER (*proudly*). "We, madame, remained. When one has a son fighting for his country, one cannot leave one's home." (*Son looks conscious and twirls his cane.*)

OLD LADY. "Alas! you have more courage than I have. For my part I am grateful from my heart to Trochu for his surrender, for sparing useless slaughter."

FATHER. "What could he do alone? he was driven on by your so-called patriots. This is the result of your free press."

SON. "But, papa, give us progress, you would not refuse us progress."

MOTHER (*vehemently echoing the son*). "Yes, progress and liberty of discussion."

FATHER (*desperately*). "I give you progress, but I do not give you leave to talk about it. Progress comes best alone. When people begin to talk nonsense, and pass votes in favor of progress, they show they are not ready for it."

Sad and preoccupied as Susy was, she could not but listen to the voices on every side; they interested her though they were anything but cheering. When she and Madame du Parc reached the villa, tired and dispirited, a figure was standing at the gate, and evidently looking out for them. It was Jo, only a little more dishevelled than usual, and bringing with him a feeling of home and real comfort of which poor Susy was sadly in need at that moment.

It was the simplest thing in the world. He had started off then and there, hearing that Susanna was gone to her mother; he had come to see if he could help to bring Mrs. Marney back; he had left his bag in the train. While Susy walked on with her arm in his, listening to his explanations, Madame du Parc poured out her pent-up indignation to Max who also came out to receive them. He had been at home all day finishing a couple of sketches ordered by M. Hase for his pictorial newspaper; he had been up once or twice to see Mrs. Marney, whom he thought very ill.

"You must tell her nothing, except that you failed to find Marney," he said compassionately, "but for God's sake, mamma, leave this place and try to get your friends to go. The sooner the better for us all. The Federals are sure to come down upon Neuilly another day, and it may be too late. I must go back to my work now, for I have no time to lose."

From Temple Bar.

THE YEAR 1785: A RETROSPECT.

A CENTURY ago,—how it stirs the fancy to read the record of what happened a hundred years back, to take up the mingled thread of joy and woe that agitated our great-grandfathers; rapture to-day, doubts and fears to-morrow; a wedding to-day, to-morrow a funeral! They had their festivals and gala days as we have now; they too had their petty, everyday annoyances, that ruffle our equanimity for the time, but that we laugh at six months later. As we take up some old letter of that date, perhaps blurred with tears, perhaps fragrant of some old-world scent, we see the same hopes and fears that animate us; the same mysterious handwriting on the wall; we live for the moment in a world, in one sense so remote, so different from ours, in another so like; for in all ages human nature in its great central phenomena, in its main leading features, is ever alike. Bacon and Autolycus, Diogenes and Sardanapalus, Lazarus and Dives, have much in common. The outward life may be different; *autre temps, autres mœurs*; but the inward is ever the same.

Let me attempt in the limits of a short paper to describe some of the things the world was doing in 1785, some of the most remarkable events of that year, some of its changes and chances—in a word let us try and keep the centenary of 1785. It is not quite so easy to unfold and throw light upon all this, as in 1985 it will be to describe the life lived in the present year of grace, for in the days of our great-grandfathers papers were rare, and there were no society papers at all (fancy! ye nineteenth-century ladies, your great-grandmothers had no *World*, no *Truth*, no *Whitehall Review*, no *Vanity Fair*, no *Queen*, no *Art Journal*); old Sylvanus Urban's *Gentleman's Magazine* was the main repository of the news of the day for all social quidnuncs then as for all diggers into antiquity now. What could I have told you now but for dear old Urban? Still we may gather up, I think, not a few interesting fragments of the past.

The year 1785 was a notable one for cold, floods, and storms. A longer continuance of constantly cold weather had never been known in the British islands in the memory of man. The winter may be said to have commenced on October 7, 1784, the first fall of snow, and to have continued till April 2, the last fall of snow. The whole of this period of one hundred

and seventy-seven days, with the exception of about twelve days towards the latter end of January, was frosty or snowy, or both. And we can judge of the intensity as well as long continuance of the cold, when we are informed, from meteorological observations taken at the time, that from October 18, 1784, to March 10, 1785, there were only twenty-six days in which the thermometer was not from one to eighteen degrees and a half below freezing-point.

During the first half of the year there were terrible inundations in Germany. The Elbe, the Oder, the Havel, and the Warta, all overflowed their banks, and the dykes being broken down, the whole of the neighboring country was laid under water.

In our own country September and October were the months in which the floods were most destructive. On September 23 and 24 the river Clyde inundated Glasgow and its neighborhood; the lower floors were filled with water, and the inhabitants suffered incredible loss. Similar floods, caused by the rising of the Almond, inundated the lower grounds in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. Some farmhouses were carried away by the stream, and much hurt was done to the corn that remained uncut and uncarried. The river Cart rose suddenly on the people who were employed at the harvest, and it was with difficulty that they saved their lives. The river Elliot rose so suddenly that the boy who carried the mail from Dundee to Montrose was carried away by it; the horse was saved, but the mail was driven out to sea. During the previous night and on the morning of September 6, the wind blew quite a hurricane. All along the English Channel the shore was covered with wrecks, and ships stranded. On November 19, a kind of temporary hurricane blew furiously in London from seven till eleven in the evening. Many houses were unroofed, and several trees blown down in St. James's Park.

The great excitement of 1785 was ballooning. It was all the rage. It agitated all England, nay, all Europe. It was quite the amusement of the people of fashion and *ton* to take small trips in balloons. Various gentlemen, young and old, amused themselves so. Crowds were attracted everywhere wherever they either rose or fell. It was quite a recent invention, as it was only two years since the first aerial voyage had been taken. The great aeronauts of 1785 were Blanchard and Lunardi.

Blanchard crossed the Channel successfully early in January in a very simple balloon, a picture of which is still extant. The balloon of that period was indeed a very simple affair — an immense globe or ball at the top united by ropes to nothing more nor less than a tub-boat, politely called a car, the two aeronauts occupying each one end of the boat, so as to balance it.

In England considerable humanity, and anxiety for their safety, was exhibited to aeronauts by the spectators, but it was not so always abroad. On July 13, Blanchard, with two companions, made an ascent from the garden of the old court near the Hague, and descended, or rather fell, in a field at Zovenhuis, a little village a few miles from Rotterdam. This field belonged to a Dutch boor, who, instead of receiving them with kindness, brought round them a set of fellows, who with sticks began to demolish the boat, and prick holes in the balloon with their pitchforks: and were only prevented from destroying the whole by a promise of money, the only *argumentum ad hominem* a boor seems to understand. But Blanchard was equal to the occasion. He told this boor that he had no money about him, but would give a bill to be received at the Hague. The paper he gave was written in French, to this effect: —

July 12.

I certify that I descended at nine o'clock in a bye-field belonging to a man who, though not in the least hurt by it, has demanded ten ducats of me, after helping to plunder me, and partly to destroy my car and my globe.

(Signed) BLANCHARD.

Thinking he had got a good bill, the boor now was very officious, and gave them every assistance to forward them to Rotterdam, where they took some refreshment, and then returned to Hague, and were kindly received by the prince.

One very sad catastrophe in connection with ballooning happened on June 15. At about 7.15 that morning M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Sieur Romain ascended in a balloon, intending to cross the English Channel, emulating the exploit of Blanchard in January. For about twenty minutes they appeared to take the best possible direction; for a few seconds they seemed to vary their course; then for a moment seemed stationary; when in less than ten seconds, to the horror of all the spectators, the whole apparatus of the balloon was seen in flames, and the unfortunate adventurers came to the ground

from the supposed height of more than one thousand yards, or over half a mile.

This year the poet laureate, William Whitehead, died on April 14, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Warton, B.D.

Whitehead was a native of Cambridge, and was born in 1715. Although only the son of a baker, he was educated at Winchester and at Clare Hall, Cambridge, of which college he became a fellow. He wrote two somewhat heavy tragedies taken from the ancients, "The Roman Father" and "Creusa," and two light and amusing comedies, "The School for Lovers" and the somewhat rollicking "A Trip to Scotland," of course the historical journey to Gretna Green, which only became illegal in 1857. This last reminds us somewhat of Oliver Goldsmith's inimitable essay on Scotch marriages (Essay XXIII.). Whitehead also wrote several poems, some of which are very pleasing. We may instance "Variety," the "Je ne sçai quoi," and "Song for Ranelagh." We cannot say much for the poet laureate's odes, but then what poet so handicapped has produced his best? Poetry has too fine and subtle an essence to be written to order. He was appointed laureate in 1758 on the death of Colley Cibber.

His successor was Thomas Warton, the younger brother of Dr. Joseph Warton, the head master of Winchester. His most important work was his "History of English Poetry," which he never lived to complete. Several of his poems are very charming. His "Inscription in a Hermitage" has been very much admired. Nichols, in his famous "History of Leicestershire," has actually inserted it in full twice over, in two separate volumes, such a favorite was it with that kindhearted, genial old Dryasdust. His "Sonnet to the River Lodon," near Basingstoke, in his native county, is pretty and pathetic. The "Panegyric on Oxford Ale" is a charming burlesque. "The Progress of Discontent" is a very happy poem, itself founded on a short Latin poem of the author's of earlier date, consisting of ten epigrammatic lines, an echo and happy adaptation of Horace's famous "Qui fit, Mæcenas," *sq.* There was much of the real poet in Thomas Warton. He was poet laureate for only five years, as he died in 1790, aged sixty-two years.

Of the books published in 1785, the most important was Boswell's account of Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," for had it not been for that and the very

favorable reception it met with from the public, as indeed everything about the great Dr. Johnson was read with avidity, it is very probable that we should never have had the immortal life from the *facile princeps* of biographers. This year Crabbe also published "The Newspaper," the prelude to a famous silence of twenty-two years. Cowper also brought out the second volume of his poems, containing "The Task," "Tirocinium," "The History of John Gilpin," and other poems. His first volume had fallen somewhat flat on the public three years earlier. But now it was obvious that a new poet had arisen of first-rate rank; nay, perhaps the first poet of the day. Great encomiums were passed upon this new volume in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Cowper occasionally sent some of his pieces when just written.

A hundred years ago Parliament had some lessons to teach posterity. Here is one minute: "Thursday, February 16. This day a great deal of public business was gone through without debate." How refreshing to look on a scene such as this! *O si sic omnia*, we are fain to cry in despair, looking at modern Parliament and the disastrous failure of the first Radical government.

In 1785 however William Pitt was premier, a William to whom the honor of England was as dear as his life. Her greatness Pitt never smirched nor tarnished. Like his father, the Great Commoner, he had a passionate love for his country; he was a true patriot. The news of the battle of Austerlitz broke that noble heart. Most certainly under his administration no such humiliation would have been suffered by England as we have had to endure recently at the hands of Russia.

This was an important year for the royal family in France. At Versailles on March 27 her most Christian Majesty was happily delivered of a prince, who was in a few days created Duke of Normandy. He afterwards became dauphin on the death of his elder brother in 1789, and is known to history as Louis XVII. though he never really came to the throne. He lived only ten short years, of which the last two were years of unspeakable privations and sorrows. Curiously enough he was baptized, on the evening of his birth, by the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, grand almoner of France, who some six months later was to fall into disgrace at court. How little could the cardinal, how little can any of us, read six months in advance!

Into that famous diamond necklace case, so fatal to him, we do not propose fully to enter. It would fill a volume. Indeed it does fill an excellent volume published by Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the third edition of which came out in 1881. Suffice it to say that this was the year in which Cardinal de Rohan was arrested in connection with it, though it was not till January, 1786, that the trial came on, nor was sentence pronounced till April, 1786. The trial cleared Marie Antoinette completely; but in the intermediate period between the arrest and trial public opinion had been against the queen, and her numerous enemies made much of the case; and clear-sighted observers like Goethe and Talleyrand saw that it was, not only a most unfortunate affair for the royal family, but also an event pregnant with disaster and danger for the French throne. Rohan and Cagliostro were acquitted, but Rohan was ruined at court, and practically sent into exile; the other persons accused were variously punished; while Madame de la Motte, the author of the whole conspiracy, was publicly flogged, branded with a *V* for *Volense*, and imprisoned. She escaped some months after, probably with the complicity of her gaolers, to meet a few years later an untimely end.

This year the Duke of Orleans died on November 6, the father of the infamous Egalité. By his death the State gained one hundred thousand livres per annum, the sum which his household cost, which had previously been paid by the crown, but which the king would no longer pay. This would not have a tendency to improve matters between the court and the new Duke of Orleans. Accordingly we find he was a warm opponent of the court in the diamond necklace case. Egalité was a great friend of our Prince of Wales. On the prince's twenty-fourth birthday this year he, who was then Duc de Chartres, was among the guests at Windsor at a great state ball given by the king. Their friendship illustrated the old Greek proverb, *Κολοῖς ποτὶ κολοῖν*, "Birds of a feather flock together." They were, as Byron has it, "*Arcades ambo*, that is, blackguards both."

This too was the year in which the emperor Joseph II., son of Maria Theresa, and brother of Marie Antoinette, introduced into his dominions those reforms which, although some few years later many of them had to be repealed, were wonderful ideas for 1785. They not only marked quite an epoch in the history of Austria, but also could not but have a very great

influence on men's minds for all time. Joseph was in advance of his age; and had to pay the penalty such men always have to pay. As Napoleon said, "he went mad before his time," meaning before the French Revolution, in the dawn of which he passed away, worn out, broken-hearted, and not yet fifty years of age. He was the imperial *avant-courrier* of Revolution. By an edict of his in this very year, "vassalage was totally abolished in Hungary, and the very name of it ordered to be no longer used. Every man had liberty to marry, to learn any art, to work for himself, to sell, mortgage, exchange, and alienate his property, only sending to his lord the accustomed fees." He seems especially to have disliked the clergy. In the same edict his Majesty observes, "Artists, manufacturers, and farmers, benefit a State, while a multitude of religious drones encumber and oppress it. Let the gloomy priest be driven from his cloister to benefit society with his talents; and let the most unenlightened members of religious orders, who were fettered by bigotry, look abroad upon the face of day." Strange sentiments from an emperor born in the purple, and the son of Maria Theresa! All this was of course too enlightened for 1785. Much of it had to be repealed.

This year the king and queen, three princes, three princesses, and suite visited Oxford. They had paid a visit to their particular friends, Lord and Lady Harcourt, at Nuneham, on October 12, intending to return to Windsor the same evening; but the weather being favorable their Majesties resolved to sleep at Nuneham that night, and see something of Oxford the next day.

Accordingly on the 13th, about 10.15 A.M., their Majesties and suite drove to Oxford and alighted at Christ Church in time for the service at the Cathedral, and then saw the hall, the library, and the deanery, of that famous college. From thence they proceeded to Corpus, Merton, and the Radcliffe Library.

In the Theatre (which they next visited), the heads of houses, and the *élite* of Oxford, were already assembled. Here the king and queen held a sort of *levée*. During this ceremony Dr. Hayes, the professor of music, played several overtures on the organ.

The Bodleian was next visited, and many other of the notable sights of Oxford. The mayor, John Treacher, Esq., was made Sir John, and the royal visit terminated to the satisfaction of all parties.

This year Miss Burney (afterwards Madame d'Arblay), the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla," had her first interview with royalty, and, though very frightened, could scarcely forbear laughing at the king's repeated *What, what, what?* The king and queen had manoeuvred to see her at a friend's house when she was staying at Windsor, with the real design, though Miss Burney did not apparently know it at the time, of seeing whether she would suit as one of the keepers of the queen's robes, as a sort of lady in waiting to the queen. The queen seems to have taken to her from the first. And although Miss Burney was not appointed to this post till the following year, yet she had various directions given to her this December as to the etiquette for appearing with proper propriety before royalty.

Several notable people died this year, besides the Duke of Orleans and the poet laureate Whitehead, whom we have already mentioned. Among these were the famous scholar Valckenaer, who had been for twenty years professor of Greek at Leyden, the well-known editor of the "Idylls" of Theocritus, and the "Phœnissæ" and "Hippolytus" of Euripides. This year also died Lord George Sackville, of Minden notoriety. Also Thomas Davies, bookseller, a friend of Dr. Johnson's, and author of a "Life of Garrick" that ran through four editions in five years.

This year also died on June 30, *àtate* eighty-seven, at Cranham Hall in Essex, General Oglethorpe, who is mainly notable for his connection with John Wesley, which was not altogether a creditable one to the general. His conduct in Georgia to John Wesley was far from honorable. In 1732 he took an active part in the settlement of Georgia. In 1734 he returned to England, but the following year took out with him John and Charles Wesley. He returned to England for good in 1743. He served with the Duke of Cumberland against the rebels of 1745, and after that retired into private life. His inviting the Wesleys to Georgia was historically and theologically of the highest importance, as it was on the journey out that Wesley first saw something of the Moravians (as well as in Georgia), that religious body which colored more or less all John Wesley's religious views from that time forward. So that Wesleyanism is practically Moravianism somewhat modified. And so in a secondary sense General Oglethorpe is the father of Wesleyanism.

This year too died the Rev. John William Fletcher, vicar of Madely, Wesley's designated successor, so eminent for his piety that in his funeral sermon, which John Wesley preached, he declared that he had known many exemplary men within the period of eighty years, but had never found nor expected to find this side of eternity such another. This saintly man was only fifty-six when he died; but he had weakened his constitution by studying too long, fourteen or fifteen hours together, and by taking too little food.

This year too died Peter the Wild Boy, February 22, at Brodway Farm, near Great Berkhamstead, Herts. He was picked up in a wood in Germany in the year 1725 by King George I. when hunting, and sent over to England by him in 1726. He remained in England till the day of his death. Lord Monboddoo was very interested in him, and visited him in 1782. Witty Dr. Arbuthnot has several allusions to him in his "Miscellanies." Peter was all his life half a savage. He had gone to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of his patron King George. I suspect he must have been a sort of cross between Barnaby Rudge and Maypole Hugh. He is described as well-made, of the middle size, and passionately fond of music, very gentle, but on the approach of bad weather always rather sullen and uneasy. At particular seasons of the year he showed a strange fondness for stealing away into the woods, where he would feed eagerly upon leaves, beech-mast, acorns, and the green bark of trees, which proves evidently that he had subsisted in that manner for a considerable length of time before he was first taken. This child of nature is an interesting picture in that wonderful age of formalism—the eighteenth century. A. R. SHILLETO.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

OUR BREACH WITH THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

In June of this year exactly a century had passed since King George III. received Mr. Adams, the first ambassador from the United States of America to Great Britain. The interest of that event has always been warm in these kingdoms; but the period should become more instructive than it has been in former

years, now that speakers and writers among us are gravely recommending a farther dismemberment of the empire. The losses occasioned to the mother country by the war which preceded the separation of the American colonies, and then by the separation itself, does not seem to have been very strongly insisted upon by historians of the times, but they must have been sensibly felt. Especially must have been felt the sudden abolition of colonial appointments, and the drying up of the outflow which the plantations had afforded to our superabundant, restless, and enterprising population. I fancy that a great deal more would have been left for our enlightenment under those heads, had it not been that the French Revolution followed so quickly upon our loss, and swallowed up the first calamity in one still greater. The closeness with which we were, and long continued to be, occupied with French affairs, may also explain why the jealousies and animosities of the contest with America died out on our side of the Atlantic so much more quickly than they did on the other. The Americans had not, as we had, a new and engrossing struggle to divert their feelings; and so they continued to nurse the wrath and keep it warm that had been engendered in the days of Chatham and Lord North. It is, I believe, by no means a rule in history that the nation which gets the better of a war or a dispute is the more placable. And certainly, in this case, the success of the Americans did not dispose them to "abate their manly rage" at a time when later events had made our loss of America appear to us a very old story.

Britain seems, when she could take her eyes from Napoleon and look about her, to have felt unwilling that all old ties be severed; and to have desired that if we could be no longer compatriots, America and ourselves should remember that there was an old relationship that was thicker than water. Our writers persisted in calling the Americans our cousins, but were not answered in a very genial tone. Indeed, whatever may have been the case at the time of the disruption, the United States have now been peopled from so many of the airts, that it is absurd to speak of the whole nation as related to us Britons. In New England and one or two of the older plantations we have kinsmen no doubt; but our cousins, in a strict sense, must be traceable in only a few States of the Union.

Possibly the disinclination to fraternize shown by the Americans was fostered by

the unlucky impression made by many of the books of travels in America written by British subjects. Mrs. Trollope made immense mischief; and Marryat and Dickens did not mend matters. Haliburton's works, although full of satire, do not appear to have excited near so much wrath; for he had the art of seeming good-natured when pretty severe. Miss Martineau held out the olive-branch and did something towards softening animosities. Of course we were made aware of the republican indignation; it was lucky for us, perhaps, that the skill of their writers in wounding was not equal to their will to strike. I ought, however, in writing thus, to make most honorable exception of an American writer, who, flourishing while the old jealousy was at its height, and being certainly endowed with much humor and a polished wit, was far superior to the rancorous feeling which was so general. Washington Irving is the writer of whom I am thinking, a man who would have been an honor to any land. I used to study his works a great deal at one time, and I cannot recollect in them any passage exhibiting spite or ill-humor towards the English, while there is large store of genial, polished, and entertaining writing. No American, perhaps, has written in such a cosmopolitan spirit as he.

It is not an uncommon thing for our readers of light literature to yawn over the fashionable productions of the day notwithstanding their merit, and to long for a diversion. To any one so *ennuyé* I would recommend a reference to Irving's "Sketch-Book" and his "Tales of a Traveller." These are not such "screaming" productions as many of Dickens's stories, neither have they the moral bite of poor old Thackeray; still less are they of kin to Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" and the Newgate class of novels. But, without intending in the slightest degree to detract from either of the two celebrated men first mentioned above (over whose pages I have enjoyed many an hour in paroxysms of what may be called literary riot), I venture to say that the style of Irving was more thoroughbred than that of either of them. As to Ainsworth, he was many stages below the American in refinement. I am not sure but that the latter will be found to recall the humor and the elegance of Addison more forcibly than any writer of this century does it. I don't know how I should feel to-day on reperusing his story of "The Devil and Tom Walker;" but I can assure any one who cares for my ex-

perience that I used to read and re-read it with thorough enjoyment. He has also a tale called "Golden Dreams" very much to be commended. "Rip van Winkle" never faded from memory, and requires no reviving, spite of its age.

There was another leading English writer contemporary with those whom I have named above, who, if he had had a little more humor, would in many modes of his lyre have much resembled Irving. I mean the first Lord Lytton. Of course I remember that his lordship's genius traversed many a field of literature on which Irving never ventured; yet where they were on common ground they were not unlike.

Another American writer who was favorably known in Britain while the waters of Marah were yet unsweetened, was N. P. Willis. I do not for a moment put him on the same level as Washington Irving; but he was like him in superiority to prejudice, and in the endeavor after broad and worthy sympathies. He not only came among us with an amicable disposition; but he cemented the good relations which were begun at his appearance among us by wooing and wedding an attractive English girl. I have had many acquaintances who remembered the time of Willis's courtship, of which Woolwich was the scene. That was when William IV. was king, when "Pickwick" was coming out in numbers, and when the "Dog's-meat Brigade," as it was derisively called, was fighting under De Lacy Evans for Isabella of Spain. Mention of Willis and his love-making brings back to me a Woolwich story told me by a friend who remembered those times well. There had been an infamous attempt there to raise an ill-feeling against somebody connected with the garrison, by the dropping of unsigned letters. The secret stabbers knew their work so well that they did not throw their poison in the way of people of influence, who would probably have treated it with contempt, but cast it before silly, gossiping beings, who would be sure to give it all the publicity possible. Among those communicated with, was a young officer of long tongue and weak brain, who picked up one day in his barrack-room a paper which had evidently been thrown through the open window. Of course, although he did not believe a word of the slander, he could not refrain from telling all his acquaintance of the document which he had found, characterizing it as scurrilous, infamous, and so on.

"Dear me!" said a lady in one of the

groups among whom he was circulating his news, "who can have been so wicked? I suppose, Mr. P——, the thing was anonymous."

"Indeed," replied P——, "you may say that as much as you like. It's about the most anonymous thing I ever saw, and I've seen a great deal."

I hope I shall not be altogether tedious if I mention here that in the house of Willis's father-in-law was frequently to be seen the lady who sat for Mrs. Leo Hunter in "Pickwick." Indeed I have been told that it was in that house that Dickens photographed her. The authors of the "Rejected Addresses" used to visit there at the same period.

I can recollect the Beecher-Stowe period and all the excitement, but cannot decide whether, on the whole, the feeling between the Americans and ourselves was improved by the "Uncle Tom" frenzy. It made the Southern States bitter against us, without gaining us adherents, except among certain abolitionist bodies, in the North. Looking calmly at the matter now, it is hard to conceive how Mrs. Stowe's book created such *furor* as undoubtedly it did. We had settled our negro question nearly twenty years before, and there was at the moment nothing to make the public mind especially susceptible. The power of the book itself might be set down as the efficient cause of all the effervescence; only, if it were so, the power was not for all time nor for a very long time. One of those hits was made for which it is impossible fully to account on any fixed principle, and which goes to prove the large power that circumstances sometimes exercise over literary affairs. There ought to be no such thing as luck in what is purely an intellectual matter. Yet who will say that luck has not much to do with ephemeral successes like this? Since Samson lost his wager through people ploughing with his heifer, there have constantly been wheels within wheels to regulate the result of intellectual achievement.

Britain and America being so necessary to each other as they are, the probability is that their old feud would have died out soon after the middle of the century, had not their civil war untowardly come in the way, and the Trent and Alabama affairs occurred. As it is, one may hope that the two countries are once more drawing together again, and that the full century which has elapsed since Mr. Adams made his bow in London has seen, not the worst only, but the last of the ill-will which operated so detrimentally for them both.

STORIES ABOUT THE COLONIES.

THOUGHT of our making away with our colonies has led me to reflect on the number of people of all ranks whom I have known to emigrate to them. Once these outlets are gone, we shall find the want of them most inconvenient. It is, however, a particular case of emigration which takes possession of me for the moment. A needlewoman who had passed her *première jeunesse* bestowed her hand upon a young artisan, and was thought to have made a good match, for the husband was well-to-do. Things, however, did not go on so well as they began. This may have been (although I do not know that it was so) because the man followed two professions — that is to say, he was a preacher as well as a mechanic; and the cure of souls may have distracted his energies from his manual employment. Be this as it may, the couple found it desirable to change their abode, and they started for the South Pacific, whether to do missionary or handicraft work, or both, I cannot now recollect. I never heard of their coming back again, and hope they may have found their new home better to live in than their old. The husband had, however, an aunt — a tall, spare, and rather sour old maid, by no means fair to look upon, but, like her nephew, much given to religious exercises. Now this spinster, at a missionary meeting or some other profitable assembly, became aware of some of the practices followed by the natives of those southern islands, and was so deeply impressed thereby that she had a dream, which, from her emotion in telling it, must have been equal in horror to that reported by "maudlin Clarence."

To relieve her mind of the affright left by this vision, she did what hundreds of simple country folks are very apt to do. As the dream referred to "foreign parts," she went to take counsel with a naval captain who had seen a great deal of the world, though I believe he had been but little among the Pacific islands. Moreover, he was in this case an unfortunate counsellor to hit upon, because he had (rather unjustly, as I fear) a not very kindly recollection of the sempstress, who had worked a great deal at his house, and whom he had thought a whining, canting creature. I knew the woman well, and feel bound to say that I thought her more cheerful and less censorious than nine-tenths of the "unco guid," among whom I once had a large acquaintance. But that by the way; the captain detested her.

And now the dialogue which I am going to transcribe will be understood.

"Asking your pardon, Cappen T. I've come to you, because I'm in great distress."

"You look out of sorts, Rebecca. What's the matter?"

"I've had a terrible dream, sir."

"Is that all? I know nothing about dreams. What's the use of coming to me?"

"I come to you, cappen, because you've a-travelled in foreign parts, and know the ways of the poor heathen there. I dreamed—oh, how shall I tell it? 'Tis too dreadful!"

"Only a nonsensical dream, my good woman, after all."

"Nonsensical! you won't call it that when you know. I dreamed—oh, mercy on me! I dreamed that Temperance was a eat."

"What the deuce does that mean?"

"Be they not cannibulls out there?"

"Oh, I remember. New Zealand, isn't it? Now, don't you be frightened. They have been known to do such things; but they'll never touch her. She's a damned deal too tough. Those villains like tender food."

"You think so, cappen?"

"No doubt about it. A New Zealander who would put his teeth into such leather, even if he were famishing, would be turned out of his tribe. Thing's impossible."

"Well, that *do* ease my mind. Temperance isn't just a child, and the Lord's mercy it is that such is the case. I thank you, Cappen T. I shall be more composed now."

The dream must have been a mere illusion, for I heard of Temperance being alive and well some years after it was dreamed. Possibly she flourishes still.

While I am musing on the colonies, I will mention another anecdote; but the scene changes now to the West Indies. The negro servant of a certain colonel out there had a propensity which not many negroes suffered from in my experience. He was rather fond of strong waters, and would occasionally help himself from his master's bottle. The colonel, having much suspicion but no proof that this was the case, privately marked the height of the brandy in the bottle with chalk. The nigger, seeing the white streak, guessed why it was put there, and, with much inward chuckling, levelled up with water after taking his next *chasse*, saying, "Hei! massa dam cunning, but me cunning too."

Massa, however, was not at the end of his resources yet. He perceived the weakness of the liquor, and guessed what had happened. "Look here, Sambo, you villain!" said he, "you've been helping yourself to the brandy. Now mind, I know it, so take care what you are about."

"Me, massa! me tief de brandy! I nebber hear such a ting. I wouldn't do it, sar, if it was to save for me life. Sep-megad, massa! if me was to drap down dead dis minnit, me nebber touch de bottle. Try, now; measure him, and see if he not so full as dis marnin'."

"I have tried, and it is rather fuller than otherwise."

"Berry well, den, sar; how can massa say me tief it when it grow?"

"Your challenge about measuring, you rascal, only confirms my suspicion of what you have been at. You have drunk some of the spirit, and filled the place of it with water."

"Drink de 'pirit an' put watter! My—my—my king! Ladgad! what is we to hear nex? Prapsin me bin tief massa's beeftake and giv him billy-goat, or put sage-leaf in the cannister and take him tea. Me not 'prised to hear nuttin' after what massa say. Six year me lib wid ole Cap'n Cogan of de Slashers; him twice so 'tingy as massa; him really cubbich" (*i.e.*, close, near, literally covetous); "and what him tell me when him cut for him 'tick? Him say, 'Sambo, you more han-nester dan de day; me can trus' you wid dallars dat nebber count.'"

"Stop your jabber, and draw the cork of that other bottle. Now pour some of the brandy into a glass. Very well. You see this little bead. If I put it into the fresh-opened brandy it floats, because the spirit is pure; if I put it into this other that you have been tampering with, it sinks, because of the water. So I can detect you."

"Him swim in de 'trong brandy, and him sink in de weak. Massa too clebber. It no use trying for impose upon massa. Me take only lilly drap—so; not enough for drown a sand-fly, to give old granny Rap when she hab pean in de 'tummick; and massa fine it out. Hei!"

"Yes, I tell you again to mind what you are about, or you will certainly feel the cowskin."

Now a friend of mine, whose father had once owned Sambo, met that delinquent while the detection of this theft was fresh in his mind. Deeply impressed he seemed and contrite, for he said, "Massa fine me out wid a lilly dam bead" (which Sambo

pronounced as a dissyllable), "when me tink me too many for him. Berry well. If massa so clebber as dat, Garamighty is more clebberer, and will fine out what-ebber innocent lilly ting me do. It's no use tryin' for catch him. Me will go an' jine relijjan." That meant, become a member of one of the many religious sects which were bidding at that time for the negro connection, of whom the Baptists were by far the most successful fishers of men. If he kept his word, he was a backslider; for, after no very long time, he got fum-fum for purloining again.

Sambo was a creole, two or three generations off, perhaps, from the ancestor or ancestress who had undergone the mid-passage. I have, however, come across some native Africans, who were on the whole not half such rogues as the darkies who had been bred under the white man's rule. They never got to speak a very intelligible dialect of English; and most of them remained all their days in a primitive state. I can remember one day when I was out in the woods with a companion, ready to shoot a parrot or a wild pig, to cut down a cabbage-tree or to capture a yellow snake—when, in short, we were trying by any means to kill a tropical day—that we found ourselves unexpectedly on the border of some cleared ground. In this opening were growing two or three plantains, two or three yams, pumpkins of some size, and sweet potatoes; but the most remarkable object there was a shed about six feet long and three feet broad, coming up to a ridge some two and a half feet high in the centre of its length, and resting on the ground at both sides. Its transverse section was a triangle. The construction was simple in the extreme. Branches of trees, roughly trimmed, were set up in pairs, at distances between the pairs of two feet or thereabouts. Each stick had been run into the ground at one end; at the other, that is to say at the ridge of the shed, it was bound by a withe to its ally. A few smaller wattles were interwoven among the principals, and the outside covered with palm-thatch. There was scarcely time to remark the ashes of a fire, and an old iron pot near the end of the shed, before a grizzled woolly head was protruded, the owner of which was, of course, prostrate, or he could not have lain under the thatch. He proved to be an old African; and when he perceived that his visitors meant no harm to him, he crept out, an ancient eremite with marvelously little raiment. This interesting person had, it seemed, been set free at

the general emancipation; and not seeing the advantage of doing any more work, and not caring for society, had squatted on the outskirts of a property, and built himself the habitation just described. His *supellex* consisted of the iron pot aforesaid, and a hollow bamboo for water, with a cover to it and a string to hold it or hang it by. His carpet, bed, or whatever it ought to be called, was sedge obtained from some neighboring pond. He informed us that he raised his own "bread-kind"—*i.e.*, yams, plantains, etc.—and that he sustained himself therewith, cooking some of the food in the iron pot. His fire, which we had at first thought to be a heap of cold ashes, was really alive, and crackled up on being fanned with a plantain leaf. He could manage generally to keep it going; but if it failed, he had to go some way to the nearest hut to beg a little fire, which he would carry back in a calabash. His matchet, or small cutlass, served for horticultural purposes, and for dinner-knife; and an old hoe sufficed him for planting. In this calm retreat he passed his days; liable to ejection, but not in much danger of it.

The only information we could get from him was "Massa buy me a bea," the last words meaning *at the bay*. Why he had taken to solitary squatting could not be ascertained; but laziness probably had much to do with the choice. He got off his usurped garden plenty to eat with extremely little labor. The mosquitoes (which were about his settlement in clouds), the heat of the weather, the stifling oppression of the shelter which he had made for himself, seemed to cause him no inconvenience. The poet's line,

Man wants but little here below,

was certainly exemplified here; but what an existence it must have been! After "we left him alone in his glory" that day, I never saw, and I don't think I ever heard of, him again.

About the time when I saw this old recluse, an event happened in the neighborhood of my dwelling, which, although one reads about such occurrences now and then, does not often come within one's actual experience. I mean a drumhead court-martial—a summary method of dealing with military offences which has rarely been resorted to for many years past. In the colony of which I write there was then a white regiment, not one of the nicest in the service, nor, if all tales be true that have been told about it, a very harmonious one as regarded its officers.

Possibly its character may in some degree be explained by saying that it was commanded by a man who had risen from the ranks. This colonel, now an elderly man, although he undoubtedly possessed many soldierly qualities, knew not the art of making himself agreeable; and although he ruled with a pretty tight hand, there was very little affection for him either among the officers or in the ranks. His name was Samuel Sowers, but he was generally known as Sour Sam.

Now as Sour Sam's regiment had been some time abroad, and as (as has been hinted) it did not work together in perfect concord, it was not altogether astonishing that a little insubordinate feeling sometimes gathered in it. But military law was severe in those days, and Sam never hesitated to put it in force; so everybody knew that indiscipline, where he was concerned, was a dangerous thing. It had, however, unfortunately happened that one of those disturbing spirits who are known in the services as "lawyers" had lately come out with a draft and done a deal of mischief. He was a long-tongued, plausible knave, who managed to acquire a certain influence among the men, which influence he used for fomenting discontent. How far things had gone was never made public; but I am afraid that some dangerous plots were hatching. So far as was known, the colonel was quite ignorant of the state of things, and the action he took afterwards was quoted as proof of his extreme readiness and presence of mind on emergency; he no doubt showed firmness and decision, but I doubt whether he could have been kept in the dark up to the point where he interfered—he was too shrewd and too heedful for that.

Suspecting evil or not, he had an ugly case to deal with one morning. There was a parade between five and six (thus early on account of the heat), and the proceedings had not lasted long when considerable unsteadiness was observed in the ranks, particularly in one wing. Having once or twice called upon the men to be steady, and upon the officers to check disorder, old Sam at length rode up to the disturbed point, crying, "Are the men mad? what the devil's the matter?" when his eye lighted upon the "lawyer" whom I have mentioned, flinging himself about, pushing other men, and evidently endeavoring to produce a commotion. "Let that man fall out," said the colonel. "Private Skinner to the front." Private Skinner did not seem half inclined to obey; but his captain coming up to him

and ordering him out, he thought proper to advance, but in most unmilitary fashion.

"Hillo! what the devil's this?" exclaimed the colonel. "Carry your arms, soldier, and behave in a less slovenly way, or I'll send you to the guard-room." Skinner, however, only carried himself more improperly; he flung down his firelock, and said something about having been kept a cursed sight too long on parade.

"Oh, that's your idea, is it?" said the colonel. Then, without a moment's hesitation, "Send a corporal and a file of men from the 5th Company to make this man prisoner. Send a drum to the front. Fall out Captain Loveday, Captain Fisher, and Lieutenant Slade, who will immediately try Private Skinner of the 5th Company for insubordination. Let the regiment order arms and stand at ease."

In less than five minutes from the commission of his offence, Private Skinner was arraigned before this improvised tribunal. The other men, rather astonished at the unusual occurrence, were of a sudden quiet, and looked curiously on. There was little need of formality or evidence. The members of the court were themselves witnesses of the crime. In another five minutes they had pronounced the offender guilty, and sentenced him (such a court was competent to do so in those days) to receive two hundred lashes.

Captain Loveday reported this result to Colonel Sowers, who was about to confirm the sentence, and have it then and there carried into effect, when, always cautious and cool, he said: "On consideration, I won't confirm on the spot. The man was insolent to me personally, and I must not appear vindictive. I'll dismiss the men to breakfast, but let the assembly sound again at ten o'clock." The prisoner was taken to the guard-room, to breakfast with what appetite he might; and the men at their messes were excited enough about what had happened, and the mischance which had come to the leader of their indiscretions.

Sour Sam took his repast of pigeons, avocado pears, bread and honey; possibly he took counsel also with himself, but I rather think the old chief's mind was made up before he saw his meal. At ten o'clock the bugle sounded, and the regiment fell in. It was not, however, marched out of the barrack enclosure, but to a retired portion thereof, where a high wall and some palm-trees made a shade. Here it was formed on three sides of a square, facing inwards; while on the fourth side, close to the wall, stood the ugly triangle,

to which were fastened the transgressors who underwent corporal punishment. The regimental doctor stood near, as did also the drum-major, and three stout drummers.

"March up the prisoner," ordered the colonel. And thereupon came forward an escort guarding the rebellious Skinner, who seemed sobered by his two or three hours of reflection; for he looked pale, and cast glances that were anything but affectionate at the uninviting tripod. The sentence of the court was then confirmed, and the punishment ordered to be inflicted on the spot.

Skinner, as he took off his coat and prepared himself for his ordeal, quailed so, and put on such a rueful look, that the men, his pupils, who were observing him, were rather puzzled.

"He's never flinching?" whispered a grenadier to his left-hand man.

"Not possible," was the scarce audible reply; "but, by —! he looks queer."

The faith of the misguided men was beginning to be shaken. The preparations, however, went on. The doctor, having felt the prisoner's pulse, made no objection to the punishment taking place, notwithstanding a most appealing look from Skinner to him. This look, which the men saw, disgusted them infinitely; for they like to see a culprit, when he *has* outraged the law, go through his expiation like a man. In another minute the craven wretch was fast in position; the executive drummer was ordered to do his duty, and the first lash fell across the man's shoulders. He had kept himself from exclaiming hitherto, but now he yelled. "One," called the drum-major, in a strong, ringing tone, and the cat fell again. Another shriek, and the drum-major called "two" in his impassive monotone. The third cut elicited a long howl, and the men by this time were visibly disturbed. Audibly they were murmuring, "Blast him! he's dung-hill;" "I'll never drink nor play again with such a creature as that;" while the officers were calling, "Steady, men, steady. Look to your front, and not a word."

At the drum-major's announcement of "six," the would-be mutineer, in his misery, after yelling like a hound, cried out, pain and terror making him forget respect and policy, —

"Sam, Sam, let me down this time, and I'll never offend you again as long as I live!"

The colonel, not in the least discomposed by the familiar address, sat heavy on his horse, and was heard to mutter, —

"No, I'll be damned if I do. If the doctor doesn't take you down, you'll get your whole sentence."

And the miserable castigation went on. The drum-major had, however, not got to "twenty," when the doctor, observing the fellow's head to droop, held up his hand to the drummer to arrest the lash, and again felt the man's pulse.

"He's not fit to take any more, sir," called the doctor, raising his hand to his hat.

"Oh!" said the colonel, "then take him down and march him to hospital. He's hardly the man to lead a mutiny."

A suppressed something — it was like a muffled cheer — came from the ranks at this remark. The officers again called "Steady," and "Silence;" the prisoner disappeared; and the colonel, before he wheeled back into line, turned to his men and said, —

"Soldiers, that's not the sort of fellow to lead men with any heart in them. His behavior has been a better lesson than anything I could say if I had talked for an hour."

He had served in the ranks himself, be it remembered, and knew well what the rank and file were made of.

Thus ended the drumhead court-martial; but thus did not end the punishment of Private Skinner, the self-elected military tribune. Before his couple of days' rest in hospital were over, he was aware, through the sick orderlies, of the sad impression which his poltroonery had created among his comrades. It was not unusual to see a man take a pretty severe flogging without flinching or making the slightest moan, and this when he had been seduced by infirmity or temper into breach of discipline; but it especially behoved a deliberate offender, who had put himself forward to try conclusions with the law, and to lead the necks of others into the halter, to show that he had got some backbone in him. The fellow was jeered at, annoyed, shunned as a comrade, and in every permissible way made to feel the weight of adverse opinion. I heard that, when he shortly after died of fever, he considered his end as really a release. As for Sour Sam, he became for a time a popular colonel; but he couldn't, or he didn't care to, improve such occasions, and subsided again to his old position — respected but not loved. He was always, however, colonel of his own regiment up to the time when, according to the changes of the service, he ceased to hold a regimental command.

SOME DISSENTING ACQUAINTANCES.

WHEN, a little above, I said, in writing of the sempstress Temperance, that I once had a tolerably extensive acquaintance among the "unco guid," I was thinking principally, though not exclusively, of Wesleyan Methodists. These, though very rigid in matters of conduct, and though a little too sour in some cases to appear very pleasant to the outside world, were, I believe, for the most part quite sincere Christians, endeavoring to live according to their profession. They were, when I knew most about them, on excellent terms with the Church of England, where they never objected to attending service on days which were not recognized as holy-days by their own persuasion, where they were for the most part (and would have thought it a scandal if they were not) christened and married, and in the precincts of which they were invariably buried according to the rite of the Establishment. Their rivalry with the State Church was not then political; it was more in the way of zeal, sincerity, and bringing a sense of religion to the minds of the people. And in this emulation they were very successful, as was apparent not only by the numbers who joined their societies, but by the conduct of all the more earnest of the Established clergy, who hastened to forsake the ways of the jolly, sporting, self-indulgent, and often not very moral parsons of old days, and to conform themselves in dress, habits of life, and preaching, to the Dissenting standard. The character of Wesley's work was by that time understood, and in many quarters appreciated. That he had been in former days most unjustly regarded is apparent from remarks in the literature of those times. I lately came across a passage in Walpole's "Last Journals" which contains proof of how cruelly the man was misunderstood. "Wesley," says Walpole, "the artful patriarch of the Methodists, to court his patron Lord Dartmouth, published a calm address to the colonies, where he knew it had no chance of being seen. He probably hoped for a deanery or a bishopric."

Nobody in my time refused respect to Wesley; but I think that his followers, by demonstrations of superior sanctity, and by a little censoriousness now and then, produced two very undesirable effects. First, they made the less serious world outside of their fold rather spiteful towards them, and very ready to mark and

to publish any slip that one of their fraternity might make; and of course they *did* stumble sometimes. Second, they caused the profaner spirits of the day to be more profane in speech and act than they otherwise would have been, out of sheer resistance to the spiritual tyranny (as the profane ones called it) which the Methodists had in some degree established, and were endeavoring to extend. Frequenters of ale-houses, games, fairs, cock-fights, merry-makings, and so on, were often hit very hard by the faithful; and they retaliated by being guilty of much irreverence which, without the so-called provocation of the saints, they probably would have kept clear of.

As regards the exultation with which any lapse of theirs was marked, I remember one gross immorality committed under the cloak of religion, which caused the enemies of the society very loudly to blaspheme. That was a really bad and damaging business. But there were smaller failings, often in the direction of ebriety, to which some of the poor souls were tempted (we know what a temptation drink is in certain temperaments); and didn't the unconverted call "Fie upon them! fie upon them! There, there, so would we have it!" I remember a wretched preacher whose wife was afflicted with dipsomania; and I need hardly describe the sort of life he led, between the holy horror of saints on the one hand, and the impious satisfaction of sinners on the other.

One very weak vessel, a demonstrative brother, and a stickler for mint, anise, and cumin, more than once brought great scandal on his people. He was a butcher; and one market day, when suddenly the magistrates made an inspection of weights and measures, it was found that he had no steelyard.

"This is very strange," said a justice; "you stand here selling flesh, and you've no means of weighing what you sell. How on earth do you arrange with your customers?"

"I borreys."

"Rather a poor dependence, when all are selling, for you to weigh with other people's balances."

The inspectors were not at all satisfied; but it was not a punishable offence to be without a steelyard; and, though feeling themselves to be baffled, they were passing to another stall, when an old woman came running out from a shed hard by, calling, —

"Lord, measters! here they be. I

guessed what th'ould cheat was after, and I found 'em behind the door."

Sad to relate, the steelyard was found to be false in a considerable degree, and not in favor of the buyer. The case was sifted in a magistrate's court; the brother had a narrow escape of the treadmill; the commotion in Bethel was very grievous; and the ungodly triumphed not a little.

As to what was said above about many men acting and speaking with a freedom which they did not really feel, as a sort of defiance to the warnings and denunciations of the righteous, I shall never forget a speech which once I heard from a man who knew a great deal better than he spoke. I was very little at the time — so little that there must have been some special reason why I was, in a public place, standing one day near one or two men, without anybody from home near me. At that time I don't think that I had ever heard a breath that was sceptical or scoffing with regard to religion, and did not know that such thing could be. I could not help hearing the conversation of the men near me, and was very much disturbed to hear one of them say (probably in allusion to the Dissenters) something about their "preaching and praying humbug." I concluded that the speaker had forgotten himself, and ventured to say, —

"Oh, Mr. Saunders, you don't mean that?"

The answer was, "Not mean it, my dear; why shouldn't I mean it?"

The discussion had already got too hard for me, who never deemed that, upon such a matter, there could be two opinions at all; but I did manage to rejoin, —

"Because people who can talk that way will never go to heaven."

"My dear," said the reprobate, with the utmost mildness, "I don't want to go to heaven; have got no fancy for heaven. I shouldn't like the place, by all accounts that I can get of it."

Doubtful whether I heard aright, I stared for a second at my antagonist; then, utterly shocked and frightened, I made off as fast as my legs would carry me. Home was too distant, and my burden too heavy, for me to wend my way straight thither; so I rushed at the door of a relative who lived near; and when I could recover breath and utterance after such a shock, renewed my grief by repeating what I had heard. My relative calmed me, and sent me home under escort, advanced one step in acquaintance with the works of the devil.

The man who had so disturbed me was

not (as I came to know afterwards) a very wicked person or an evil liver. He went regularly to church, and bore a very good character, though doubtless it was always true of him that he did not govern his tongue very strictly. After I was grown up I saw him upon what proved to be his deathbed, when he spoke calmly of his approaching end, and made so many remarks about the conduct of his funeral, as made one hope, from his anxiety about beginning the journey, that he had at length come to the knowledge of some goal at which he might not object to arrive.

My friends the Nonconformists once made a serious mistake, for which they might have had to pay; but I think they escaped on promise of not repeating the error. They held a feast — whether of a religious, secular, or mixed character, I cannot say; but it was a substantial entertainment, whereat were discussed pies, puddings, cold dishes, and such solid food as is generally to be found at picnics; and they held it in their chapel. A few days after, they had notice that the chapel, having been put to decidedly secular use, had become chargeable with various rates, taxes, and licenses. How they came to make such a blunder puzzles me now more than it did at the time, for they had many shrewd, cautious members in their society. I ought to add, too, that a great many of them were sincere and conscientious Christians. My thoughts, I find, have been running over things which tell against them, but that is accident; I am quite aware that they effected a great deal of good which but for them would never have been done at all. And it is with much sorrow of heart that I compare the simpler Dissenters whom I knew with the political fraternities that have succeeded them. I am quite sure that there was not one of my acquaintances of old days who would not have entertained as great a horror of Mr. Bradlaugh as I do. Yet I have lived to see a leading Dissenter pointing out this same Bradlaugh to a constituency as a fit and proper person to send to Parliament.

ABOUT MAYORS.

THIS year London has had to lament the death of the lord mayor, it being more than an age since a former lord mayor died in office. According to the notices which have been going the round of the papers, lord mayors were much more given to dying while in office in the eighteenth century. I have not calculated the chances according to La Place or De Morgan, but

I should judge that, as the office is seldom held for more than a year, the odds are against the decease of any lord mayor while in the chair. A few months ago the opinion was prevalent that there would soon be no lord mayor either to live or die—that the office was doomed, in fact. But the mayoralty has since shown itself not so easy a thing to kill. It is only fair that an office which has lasted so long and become so venerable should be spared and cherished until clear proof can be adduced that it is no longer serviceable, and I am not aware that such proof has been forthcoming. Though I know very little about civic business, never go to see the annual show, and never attend the lord mayor's feasts, yet I own that I should regret much to know that the mayoralty had become a thing of the past.

I suppose that nine-tenths of the part of our population who could claim benefit of clergy make acquaintance with the lord mayor of London through "Whittington and his Cat." That sounds but a frail link of attachment; nevertheless, it has probably given the august wearer of the chain a considerable hold on our affections. And there are little passages in the chronicles of the realm connecting the mayoralty with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the past, which must plead eloquently for it with all who have not a craze for pulling down. I confess to a great respect for Walworth, the magistrate who smote Wat Tyler with his mace. I am quite satisfied that he was the man who really put down the insurrection and, for that turn, saved the State. As for Richard, I don't believe it was in him to win over the people as he is reported to have done. It may have been politic to give the king the credit, but I have always accorded the whole honor of that eventful day to the lord mayor. Walworth did not incline to the belief that "force is no remedy," but has left us a pretty apt example of the fallacy of that doctrine. If we had understood, like him, the use of force, and been as bold as he was in the application of it, we might have smashed the Mahdi, instead of being, as we are, the laughing-stock of all Europe. The mayors held, no doubt, perilous places during all our civil wars; and if we reflect on the offer of the crown made by the lord mayor and corporation to Richard III., it must be clear that—at least sometimes—the good-will of the civic body was of vast importance. It is to be supposed, too, that if the ill-advised king Charles had marched on London from Ox-

ford, the lord mayor would have smarted for the part he took on the side of the Parliament.

On looking into Haydn, I find that London first had a *maire* or mayor in Henry II.'s time, and that it first had a right honorable lord mayor in the reign of Edward III. I also read that in 1363 Sir Henry Pickard, who had been lord mayor in 1357, sumptuously entertained in one day four monarchs—Edward, king of England; John, king of France; the king of Cyprus; and David, king of Scotland,—the Black Prince and many of the nobility being present.

Since communication between the provinces and London has become so easy, provincial mayors have been fond of claiming fraternity with the great city magnate, and of coming to town to show themselves on grand occasions. There is, however, one of these provincials who will by no means admit that any effulgence can be reflected on him by his "forgathering" with the London authorities; this is the lord mayor of York, whose is the elder lordship of the two. The London magistrate can well afford to yield precedence to his brother of York whenever the two come into juxtaposition, because he is infinitely the stronger in point of wealth and state; and as to all other English mayors, they are to him like stars when the sun is awake. Even in the provinces, however, the municipal presidency might be attended with some danger. I read in Carew that the mayor of Bodmin in Cornwall, by name Boyer, was in the reign of Edward VI. hanged before his own door, for his conduct in regard to some local disturbance. Carew, in first announcing the fact, makes it appear as startling as possible by saying that Sir Anthony Kingston, the provost-marshal of the king's army, after being entertained by Boyer, took him out and hanged him. But he afterwards smooths away the extreme sharpness of the facts by admitting that Kingston did not condemn the mayor, but only came to carry out a sentence pronounced elsewhere; and that he sat at Boyer's table in order that he might gain a little time to give certain hints of impending fate which, if he (the mayor) could have understood them, might have warned him to make his escape before he was arrested. As I receive the narration, Kingston would have been glad if Boyer had taken himself off. After the stupid fellow had failed to do so, and was seized, a follower of his, who had been engaged in the commotion for which he

suffered, stood forth and offered to die in his place, acknowledging that he was equally guilty. Sir Anthony did not accept the substitute, and was thought to show clemency in not hanging the man after his leader.

There was a mayor of Brecon knighted in her present Majesty's reign for a very gallant defence of his town hall, which was attacked by an immense mob of many thousands, headed by one Frost. The only troops available for the defence were a subaltern's party. They manned the building, were supported most gallantly and decidedly by the mayor, and in turn made a vigorous, and, as it turned out, successful defence. The mob, being so numerous, took a good deal of shooting from the small detachment before it would retreat; but fortunately it was unable to wear out the smart little band, and finally it took itself off, leaving several patriots dead and wounded on the field. The soldiers possibly would not have held out as they did but for the unwavering civil support of the magistrate, who never flinched from his duty; and the corporation would not have saved their hall if the military had not stood by them with extraordinary valor and constancy. The brave mayor was wounded during the attack, but did not forsake his post. He was rewarded, as I have said, by getting a handle put to his name, and the subaltern who conducted the defence was promoted to the rank of captain.

Later on than that, a mayor of Preston behaved very well in suppressing a serious riot. I had the account of the affair from an eyewitness, who told me that eleven persons were killed before the rioters would disperse. In this case one of the insurgents was thought to have behaved with great bravery; for, after the troops got the order to "make ready" (which generally rather staggers a tumultuous assemblage, although it may have been obstinate enough up to that point), he shouted to the mob to stand fast and fear nothing, ran out and headed them, and led as many as would follow him almost up to the muzzles of the muskets. At the first discharge he fell, shot through the spine. The wounded were, of course, taken to hospital, and there all the medical men in the town did what they could for their relief. My informant, speaking to his doctor the following day, remarked: "Well, though that fellow who waved them on may have been a rebel, he was a gallant man; pity his cause was so bad." To which the doctor rejoined, —

"I am not so sure about his bravery. He lost his life (for he must die) under a misapprehension. He thought the old orders were still in force, which enjoined her Majesty's troops when acting against a mob to load the first time with blank cartridge; so, believing that there was absolutely no danger until the second discharge, he thought he could afford to act the hero."

This fellow was too clever by half. There had been an order about firing first with blank cartridge, the object of it being, of course, to frighten rioters without injuring them; but when this order came to be generally known, and it could no longer serve a merciful purpose, it was rescinded. No such order was in force at the time of the last riot which I have mentioned.

HOBART PACHA AND THE TORPEDO.

IN the last section I drifted towards gunpowder. That being so, I could scarcely avoid casting a thought towards what Hobart Pacha wrote in a recent issue of this magazine regarding torpedoes.* The submarine mine or infernal machine is to the imagination so formidable an agent that one does not wonder at the thought of it producing a "scare." The scare can never, by mere pen and ink, be shown to be uncalled for; nothing but experience of the torpedo not being so deadly as it is painted can ever relieve our minds as to its effects. It must be used in war before we can discover the extent to which it can revolutionize operations of war; so that, for the present the torpedo is an object of speculation to the great mass of naval and military men, as well as to civilians; and a sufficiently ugly-looking object it is.

Hobart Pacha, however, has had (what so few have had) some experience of the power of the torpedo — not a conclusive experience (I don't gather from his paper that he pretends to that), but enough to make him one of the best living witnesses, if not the very best living witness, of what the torpedo can effect, and how its benevolent intentions may be foiled. So, as the case now stands, we may, I think, take comfort; and we may say with Bottom to the fair beings who were already enough harassed by the perils of the seas: "Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours." Waiting farther trial, we have the

* LIVING AGE, No. 2141, p. 51.

testimony and the opinion of an expert to the effect that alarm on this subject is more a scare than a well-founded apprehension. For my part, I am quite inclined to think with Hobart Pacha, not only out of respect for the arguments which he has used while discussing the subject, but for another reason which I will venture to state.

Hitherto the terror of mines, petards, powder-bags, and other agencies for producing sudden demolitions and eruptions in war, has been out of proportion to their general effects on the operations. Now and then, no doubt, a mine well designed, well executed, and exploded at the right moment, may have appreciably affected a siege, a defence, a depot, or a military movement; but I am informed that if the whole number of mines that may have been used in a war or a campaign be weighed against the share they may have had in producing the result of it, the real importance of explosions will be much diminished in the mind of the inquirer. Why this is so I do not find it so easy to state. Certainly a mine might be so constructed and exploded as to do in an instant what it might take months to do by other means, or what perhaps slower means might never effect at all. A cleverly managed explosion might destroy thousands of men, indispensable bulwarks, stores innumerable; it might open or block a passage; it might disorganize and bring to naught an excellently planned movement. But somehow or other in practice what mining *does* effect is infinitely less than what it *might* effect. If the powers of gunpowder and detonating substances are beyond question irresistible, the conditions under which those powers become operative seem difficult to conjoin amid the chances, the changes, the scares, the hurries, the mistakes of actual warfare.

In old days, I believe, when gunpowder was much inferior in quality to what it now is, and much more difficult to accumulate in large quantity, it was quite a common thing, when once a general had succeeded in constructing a formidable mine, to consider the struggle between him and his opponent as settled. He invited the other side to send a commission of officers for the purpose of ascertaining and testifying that the mine had really been made and loaded; and the result of such a survey often was a capitulation or a retreat, under the conviction that to hold out while such a factor was ready to blow them and theirs to the skies was simple

madness. But this extreme respect for mines appears to have become modified after "villanous saltpetre" had become a familiar substance. Engineers now began to think that two could play at the game of explosions. Fortresses were countermined; that is to say, they were furnished in advance with systems of mines and galleries, so complete, that if a besieger should attempt to make his way by underground charges of powder, he would speedily find it was "diamond cut diamond" between the attack and defence, and that while planning a little *artifice de feu* for his enemy's behoof, he might be burrowing into a pyrotechnic springe not less ingenious than his own.

Thus arose the art (such as it was) of subterranean warfare—a strife sufficiently horrid in conception, wherein the combatants sought each other like rats or moles, and destroyed each other like fiends in devious darkness of the earth's recesses. But the practice was far behind the theory as regarded carnage and devastation; inasmuch that in these days it is a question whether it be worth while to incur the labor and expense of countermining a place.

Now the early pretensions of the mine, and the apprehensions which it so reasonably excited, are so like to the boasts of the torpedo in the present day and the alarm which it creates, that, for myself, I am much disposed to accept the augury of Hobart Pacha, and to believe that the shock of the torpedo may be endured and parried as was the attack of the mine. We are naturally scared at the advent of an occult enemy of great power; but the secrecy is not favorable to certainty of aim; and it is astonishing to witness how efficaciously skill may be used to neutralize skill even in the handling of infernal machines.

While I am musing on such matters, let me remind or inform my reader of another great invention in war, very formidable to the imagination, and one which no doubt appeared practicable, but which proved a mere scare. "Vertical fire" was the talismanic method by which a clever Frenchman (Carnot, I think) fancied that he could rain iron upon the besieger of a fortress so as to make his trenches untenable, and indeed to annihilate a very large force, if it persisted in keeping within the range of the missiles. "Let us not," said this ingenious man, "expend our ammunition in hammering away at earthworks; but let us send our bolts in a curve through the air, and let

them overwhelm the enemy in his trenches. Let us construct small mortars, so as to make this method general and easy, and let us fire even muskets at an elevation." The design was to aim all the pieces, not directly at the besieger, but into the air above him, so that they might light on him and his works, as shells drop after having been fired from a mortar. The plan was specious, but experience proved it to be not worth following.

I find, on looking back among records of old projects and experiments, that the late Earl of Dundonald had a scheme for destroying an enemy's ship from a distance. His lordship was, as many of the enemies of Great Britain once had good reason to know, an eminently practical man. Therefore, any device which he considered to be well adapted to its purpose ought to have received most careful attention. I am not aware, however, that Lord Dundonald's apparatus and method were ever conclusively tested. They seem rather to have faded out of recollection; and I do not know whether he left behind him any account of his invention. There was also a Captain Warner (I think that was his name) who professed to have discovered the art of smashing up ships at long range, and who was allowed to make some experiments on old hulks, the result of which rather tended to keep expectation alive. It is to be hoped that he received fair treatment from the officials to whom he submitted his designs; but, whether he did so or not, he also, and his *eureka*, seem to have perished for ever.

The frequent misses, or *quasi* misses, made by our enemies the dynamitards, ought to help in the proof that blowing up is a dubious method of attack. I think we may congratulate ourselves also on the fact that recently two experimenters in the Guy Fawkes line were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. For mine own part I should have been still better pleased if the rascals had been first well whipped and then hanged, which undoubtedly they deserved to be; but let us, the law-abiding part of the public, be thankful for such mercies as the law will deign to give us. It is so solicitous nowadays in studying the interests and tastes of malefactors, that it well nigh forgets how it was invented for the protection of society.

Here, worthy reader, I will, with your permission, break off my reflections; for when I have got into a moralizing vein the chances are (as I know by experience) that I may expatiate ruthlessly, without

regard to your patience or my own credit. The didactic humor will not probably last long; and in a moon or two I may be able to set before you musings of a livelier character than those to which I am just now tending. *Au revoir!*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

CHAPTER XXV.

A HAPPY EXPLANATION.

MORAY had hoped against hope that light might break through the darkness; but as these first sad days went on, the clouds only thickened around him. Seldom had there been such a complete commercial disaster, — not even on that memorable Black Monday in the City, when the great "house at the corner" collapsed. For in this case most of the people concerned seemed to be not only hit hard, but actually knocked over. The great bulk of the shareholders were small folks — shopkeepers or farmers — who had confidently invested their savings in the bank shares. So the burden of the loss fell upon a mere handful of men, who were certainly believed to be extremely wealthy, but who nevertheless could hardly do more than meet their enormous engagements; while between the two were a few gentlemen like Moray, who were rich, though a long way from being millionaires. And these seemed to be condemned to the grinding suspense of not knowing for months, or possibly for years, whether they were doomed to be simply brought to the brink of destitution or actually smashed up, lock, stock, and barrel. That was the formula in which Moray, who was a born sportsman, summed up his melancholy prospects. And meantime the clouds were thickening as his daughter's future became more hopelessly obscure. He had gone to Glasgow and to Edinburgh, where he had met Leslie, and where they had repeatedly "interviewed" the official liquidators. These gentlemen were civil, and even courteously sympathetic, to the wealthy Highland laird, as to the respected young Lothian landowner who accompanied him. But in the first place, their stock of sympathy was almost overdrawn by the victims who were filling the antechambers with their wails. And in the next place, as Leslie shrewdly suspected, they took a gratuitously gloomy view of the situation. It

was their business and duty to be on the safe side, and to secure each available shilling for the liquidation. They had actually laid a temporary embargo on the business of a flourishing provincial bank, which had been let in for a few of their shares by way of security for a small advance. They estimated the contingencies of calls at an absolutely indefinite quantity. They shook their heads over the chances of available assets from directors who had compromised themselves by doubtful speculations, and who might possibly be held legally liable for all the debts of the bank. The sagacious manager had made a bolt of it before the warrants for his arrest were abroad; and although he had left the cash-books and ledgers behind him, it was more than possible that he might have tampered with them and falsified the accounts. In short, they proved genuine Job's comforters; and poor Moray, who had been worried by anxieties and want of sleep, chameleon-like took his color from their grim prognostications. Leslie, on the contrary, rising to the occasion, showed a practical sagacity which Jack Venables might have envied. He asked shrewd questions; he drew deductions from hesitating and prevaricating answers; and he came to the conclusion that, so far as Moray was concerned, things in the end might turn out to be far less than hopeless.

Nevertheless, as the clouds kept thickening over his prospects, the sense of oppression weighing on Moray became wellnigh intolerable. He was a man whose spirits rose to danger, and who was never more cheerful or more buoyant than when playing some dangerous game. Except that he had been much in the habit of smiling in other circumstances, it might have been said of him, as of the Baron of Mortham, that

Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 'twas in peril stern and wild.

Many a time he had carried his life in his hand, feeling that it was on the point of slipping through his fingers. He had been afloat in Malay proas in cyclones, when the circling hurricane had rent the sails into tatters, and shivered the long tapering masts as they dragged at the groaning decks. He had crawled in the jungle lair of the skulking tiger, looking out for the glimmer of the green eyes of the savage in act to spring. But hitherto he had always faced his dangers in the open, with the sense that the *dénouement* would be speedily decided. Now he felt

as if he were battered down beneath the hatches, in a craft that was driving on to the coral-reefs of a lee shore. He might drift clear of the danger by a series of special providences, and escape somehow by the skin of his teeth. Or, on the other hand, he might be dragging inevitably towards the breakers, and he could not lift a finger to save himself. His impulse was to escape from the deadlock upon any terms, and to make another unhampered start in life, even although he should start afresh under the load of years and disappointments.

There Leslie's calm good sense was invaluable, with the ascendancy he had gradually established over the older and more energetic man. After trying various arguments and failing with them, he fell back upon one he felt sure must be effective.

"If you were lonely and childless, my dear uncle, I should not venture to protest against any decision of yours, however much I might regret it. But you have Grace to consider as well as yourself, and surely you have no right to sacrifice her interests? That suspense must be intolerable to your energies, I can understand; but we cannot choose the form of our trials for ourselves; all we can do is to bear them with cool and calculating resolution. You are one of the bravest men I have ever met; and you know yourself what you would say of a precipitate surrender in battle, when the lives of those who were dearest to you depended on prolonging the struggle."

As he spoke Leslie watched his uncle anxiously, and he was less grieved than surprised when the other incontinently flared up. Fiery by temperament and irritable from his trials, Moray burst out so strongly and so fiercely that Leslie felt inclined to answer him in kind. He colored all over, and as he compressed his lips he nearly bit them till the blood came. Never, perhaps, had his habitual self-restraint sent him through so severe an ordeal. Not even when he had saved Venables on the rocks above Loch Rosque had he resigned himself to a self-sacrifice so heroic. But when, after a few moments of silence, he returned the soft answer that turneth away wrath, he knew already that he had his reward. Moray's nature was as generous as it was hot, and already he repented his hasty speech. So he fully appreciated the generosity of his nephew; and being the more eager to make reparation, was more absolutely swayed than he might otherwise have been.

"You are quite right," he went on; "you can judge of things more coolly than I can. And now show me that I have your forgiveness by telling me what you recommend."

"It seems to me," said Leslie, speaking modestly but firmly, "that the path of duty is plain. Considering the circumstances that have brought you to unmerited ruin, you may imagine what it costs me to say as much. You must and will meet your engagements, but you must resign yourself to wait and learn what they actually are. If I thought things desperate, I should advise differently. But I don't. From what those liquidators say, it is clear there are sundry chances in your favor. The manager may be collared, or may be pricked by his conscience — and something may come of that. Then there is that defaulting and absconding director, whose property must be liable to the uttermost farthing. He has been speculative, and has locked up money, but possibly he may not have been altogether foolish. He has been dabbling in Colorado gold and Idaho silver and his hands may hold some trumps, as we know was the case with Jack Venables. In any case, your only course is to wait."

"I suppose you are right, Ralph," sighed Moray; "but what is to be done in the mean time? All my property may be attached by the creditors of the bank, and my conscience could never suffer me to live on other people. I should never digest my meals, and each glass of wine would seem to choke me. Then the suspense with the inactivity would fret me to death, and each day as it dragged by would be slow torture."

To that Leslie could answer nothing honestly. Had he been in his uncle's place, he would have suffered in the same way.

Moray resumed: "Yet if I did go to work again, it would be a disheartening case of *non vobis*. Is it not 'Eothen' who says that wounded spirits naturally tend to seek a sanctuary in the East? Well, I have more practical reasons for going thither, and back to the East I am determined to go. Yet it is hard to face the separation from Grace, when any good fortune that might be in reserve for me would not be for her."

"But you talk, sir," said Ralph, "as if you were ruined already. Yet we have just agreed that it is altogether uncertain, since otherwise you might promptly liquidate and go free."

"True. But were you in my place, you

would be loath to draw another cheque on your bankers. It might touch my honor afterwards, putting slighter considerations out of the question; and you ought to know better than any man, how a *cas de conscience* has troubled me already."

"I know it; and you know how I felt and spoke when you confided your anxieties to me. Surely, for those very reasons, you may trust me now. Well, it seems to me, on my soul and conscience, that you are going too fast and much too far. Your future is dark, unquestionably; but I fancy it will be brighter than you believe. You must wait and see. Of course, in prudence as in honor, you are bound to restrict your expenditure; but there is no reason why you should not live respectably and like a gentleman in the mean time, preparing your resources for possible calls. Remember Grace."

Moray was not unwilling to be persuaded. Ralph Leslie, who had sympathized formerly with his fine-spun scruples, had now become his conscience and almost his honor. And after all, Leslie might be right in believing that things were by no means so bad as they appeared.

So the next pressing business was to put everything on the most economical footing; and the arrangements, painful as they were, at all events occupied his mind, and were so far serviceable. There was no difficulty about getting rid of the house in London; on the whole, he preferred to let it furnished — although at one time he almost decided to sell — on the principle that some sudden turn in his affairs might make him regret his precipitancy. He was doomed to grope painfully in the dark. As a Celt he was somewhat inclined to superstition, and the darkness is favorable to superstitious fancies. After all, the house in town was a mere matter for the house-agent. But the question of Glenconan lay near to his heart, and the idea of having to part with it was dragging at his heartstrings. It was with extreme relief then, and no little joy and gratitude, that he received a couple of seasonable offers. Calverley Baker wrote a rather blunt, business-like letter, though civilly worded, proposing to take the mansion and shootings for a term of three years, at a rent to be settled between his lawyers and those of Mr. Moray. At the close of his tenancy, as he added politely, he hoped to hand the property back to the proprietor with as good a head of game as when he received it. By the very next post came a communication from Win-

stanley, almost to the same effect, except that he spoke of renting Glencocan from year to year, that he might be ready to give it back to its master on the shortest notice. But Winstanley's letter was a model of delicacy and kindly feeling; and though Moray knew the diplomatic gifts of his friend, he could not help fancying that Julia had inspired it. When he took Grace into his confidence and showed her the letter, she quite agreed with him. She laid her finger unhesitatingly on certain passages, saying they had certainly been dictated or suggested by Julia. For, since she had heard of the love-passages between Miss Winstanley and Glenconan, her feelings towards that young lady had altogether changed, and she was eager to make atonement for having misunderstood her.

But that point being settled to their mutual satisfaction, Grace was greatly surprised to find that her father inclined to treat with Mr. Baker.

"With Baker there can be no sort of obligation," he said. "He will have full value for his money, which he chiefly cares about, and it will be a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"So it would, sir — and for that reason, surely you will give Mr. Winstanley the preference. He wishes to be friendly — Julia desires it much more — and I am sure it would be a satisfaction to you to gratify both of them. And — and —"

"And I had better begin to practise humility, you would say, and learn to put my pride in my pocket. Well, my dear, I dare say you are right. It is a hard lesson to learn, but it cannot be learned too soon."

So it was settled, and settled promptly. Moray was not a man to hang upon a decision of the kind; though characteristically he sent a letter to his agents, desiring them not to drive too hard a bargain in the circumstances. "I am bound," he said, "to do as well for my possible creditors as I should have done for myself, but assuredly I cannot be bound to do any better." And it was with strangely mingled feelings that he set his signature to the lease of his shootings. On the one hand, he went all the lighter that his mind was made up beyond present reconsideration; on the other hand, he had drained a bitter cup, and he felt as if his spirits were crushed by the dissipation of a life's day-dreams. He had realized the cherished hopes of his youth and middle age. He had come home while yet in the pride of strength and health, to settle down on

his hereditary wastes, with superfluities in place of encumbrances. Above all, he had been reunited to the daughter who was so dear to him, and had looked to his wealth and estates descending to her children. Now he was on the eve of another, perhaps a lifelong separation, and to all intents and purposes Grace might be left a beggar. What was certain was, that with the least possible delay he must deliberately determine on his course of action. Resignation to the will of Providence was very well in its way. He had listened with apparent complacency, curbing his impatience, to the worthy minister of Glenconan's homilies on the subject; but new enterprises were the only tonic that could react on his energetic nature.

He had never much liked London, as we know, but never had he found it so hateful as when he went south in search of occupation. It recalled the visit of some thirty years before, when he had started from London a boyish adventurer, before his first expedition to the East. He shrank sadly from the old associations, and yet he haunted the scenes that recalled them. There was the old Tavistock Hotel in Covent Garden, with the same smells of the decaying cabbages without, and the memories of the water-cresses and skim-milk on the breakfast tables of the coffee-room within. There were the pit-doors of Drury Lane and of the Haymarket, where he used to laugh at the humors of Buckstone. How lightly he laughed at anything in those days! what an appetite he used to have for chops and oysters at the jovial suppers in the Halls of Harmony! Yet after all, on second thoughts, his appetite and digestion only a few weeks before had been almost as good as ever. His troubles were aging him prematurely, yet he could not afford to be ill. He must summon all the powers of his will to his aid, and he would seek to summon them accordingly. Sometimes they would answer to the call, often they would positively refuse; and nothing wastes and wears the constitution more surely than the perpetual effort to subjugate the sentiments to the will.

He had made up his mind to go back to the East, and in his constant conversations with his daughter he had made no secret of his intentions. In the East he was sure of finding occupation, and, at all events, a competent income in the mean time. It was too late, as he told himself, to amass a second fortune; yet, after all, who could say? Not even with the advance of years, and under pressure of

disappointments, does a Raleigh lightly renounce the golden dreams which cheered him along the path of his early adventures. Moray's old mercantile acquaintances in the city showed themselves friendly enough; he was a man to whom they might make liberal offers of help, in the assurance that any offers would be charily accepted. And he had pretty nearly resolved as to how he was to begin again, and was thinking already of securing a cheap passage in a screw-liner for Singapore, and of seeing about his slender outfit.

In his talks with Grace he had made no secret of his intentions; and he was surprised, and somewhat hurt indeed, at her strange insensibility on the subject. Seeing that he had set his heart upon going, she seemed to take his going as a matter of course—which was all very well, and so far satisfactory. He would have been sorry that she should have broken her heart over the separation, but he looked for a display of much natural feeling. He looked in vain; there was nothing of the kind. Grace discussed his plans with a calmness which would have done credit to a stoic, but which sat indifferently on a generally impressionable young girl, who had always been the spoiled darling of a doting parent.

But there is often a silver lining to the blackest of clouds, and they may be bursting with unexpected blessings when we fancy them pregnant with trouble. Moray, for his own sake as well as for hers, tried hard to make apologies for Grace; nevertheless the stinging suspicion of her heartlessness and ingratitude was fretting his very soul. Had it not been for the peculiar circumstances of his case, which disposed him to see everything *en noir*, the loving and large-minded father could scarcely have been so perversely unjust; the whole tenor of his daughter's life and conduct should have pled for her. As it was, he began to figure himself as a Lear, while his Cordelia was changing to a Regan or a Goneril. The tone of his mind was reflected in his manner; and Grace, to her grief and pain, became conscious of the cloud between them. When, one morning, in growing desperation, he determined to bring matters to a point; he had an interview with the head of a mercantile firm in Leadenhall Street, and then dropped in at the office of a steamship company in Billiter Square. Contemning alike cabs and omnibuses, he strode homewards to the west by the Thames Embankment, and turned up at the door of their

lodgings in Ebury Street, Pimlico, pale, sad, but determined.

Grace, who was sitting down to a solitary luncheon, jumped up with delight.

"I had given you up, papa, and I am so happy to see you. Julia Winstanley has been here, and insists on driving me down to Richmond in the afternoon. You will come with us, will you not? Finette is longing for a run in the country;" and she patted the setter that lay stretched on the hearthrug. "In the mean time sit down, and let me give you a slice of this cold mutton; there is nothing else, so you may as well be contented."

Moray sat down in silence, and left her to help him. His silence was almost as chilling as the kiss with which he had answered her effusive embrace. Never perhaps had a pair who loved each other so dearly felt so miserably ill at ease.

"You will come with us, father, will you not?" said Grace again; "though indeed I only accepted conditionally. But an hour or two in Richmond Park will do you as much good as Finette. You look as if you wanted a little change and the fresh air of the country," she added anxiously.

"I shall soon have change enough, Grace," answered Moray gravely. "I have booked a berth for Singapore in the Fire King, for the fourteenth of next month,—not much more than a fortnight hence, as you see, and my hands will be full enough in the mean time."

At which announcement Grace's heart jumped up to her throat, and she strove in vain to repress her emotion. She was seized with a trembling in every limb, till the fork in her hand clattered against her wineglass. Her father watched her with mingled pain and curiosity. He set down her emotion to remorse and regret; and though the display of feeling came rather late, nevertheless his heart warmed to her. He was about going to tell her kindly not to vex herself, since she knew that the inevitable separation must come sooner or later, when she took the speech out of his mouth. She would have given the world to have spoken calmly and more promptly, since she wanted to appear to speak naturally.

"Taken *our* berths, papa, did you say? and without saying a word to me; surely that was somewhat precipitate. I must say, I thought you would have consulted me, and at least have given me a glimpse at my cabin beforehand."

If Grace's fork had clattered against the glasses, her father let his fall from his hand. A delightful light began to break

out of the blackness, irradiating the past, the present, and the future. Then the misgivings that had haunted him must have been phantoms of his own conjuring; and Grace, in her affectionate innocence, had taken it for granted that she was to be the companion of his exile. Now, if the truth must be told, the artless Miss Grace was not half so innocent as she had wished to appear. She had determined from the first to go with her father; she had felt persuaded that he would not have her company on any terms. On mature consideration, she had come to the conclusion that her best chance was to bide her time, and treat the arrangement as a matter of course. Absorbed in that idea, she had failed to realize how entirely her father had misunderstood her motives; and when of a sudden he sprang the mine upon her that morning, she had been agitated by the idea of the rôle she had to play, and the issues involved in her playing it successfully. That she had broken down in the circumstances was a matter of course, since rehearsals are indispensable to the most experienced actors; she knew she had failed ignominiously in carrying off the situation, and she sat before her father as a self-convicted impostor.

So it was; he saw through her transparent device — and in another moment he held her clasped in his arms, and was covering her face and hair with his kisses. He could not speak, for he was thoroughly ashamed of the confession he would have to make; and with one single exception he would have done anything to atone for his suspicions. Grace saw through him as he had seen through her, and yet she generously refrained from reproaching him. The generosity came all the more easily to her, that in his melting and penitent mood she was sure to mould him to her wishes. She would strike while the iron was hot, and have it over.

"Well, papa — of course we must give up the drive to Richmond. I shall send Julia a note of apology, and we shall go down to the office, or to the docks, if the Fire King happens to be lying there. You may have forgotten about my cabin," she added, with a smile, "and in that case the sooner we see to it the better. Do you think I can arrange to take Finette into it with me? I am sure she would be miserable if she had her quarters in the steerage."

But Grace did not know her father quite so well as she fancied. He was overflowing with the dammed-back reserves of love, let loose in this sudden opening of

the sluice-gates. He was melting with the tenderness that comes of remorse for cruelty gratuitously practised on a cherished object. His feelings were those of the mourner who has learned too late of injustice towards the darling of whom death has bereaved him; only happily now there was no "too late" in the matter, and he had opportunity, if it so pleased him, of making ample reparation. For that very reason Moray stood firm; and while his heart was of wax, his will was of iron.

"Say no more, Grace — say no more, my dearest girl; God knows, that with the best and fondest intentions, you have only tortured me too terribly already. You know that I never go back from my word," — he caught the hand she raised in deprecation in both of his and covered it with kisses, — "you know I never go back from my word; and I say and swear that, things being as they are, nothing will tempt me to let you share my doubtful prospects. Besides," he added, with a forced smile, addressing himself to her practical good sense, — "besides, you would not wish to hang upon my arms, when age is threatening to weaken them at any rate."

If he had feared that Grace would press her plea, he must have been agreeably disappointed. It is possible that he might have felt aggrieved by her calm acquiescence, had he not been still smarting from the lesson against jumping to hasty conclusions. Be that as it may, she said nothing — though, like the famous parrot of the fable, she may have thought all the more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VENABLES A LA RECOUSSE.

ALTHOUGH Moray and his daughter had been naturally leading a secluded life, it must not be supposed that they were left alone in London. Dull time of the year as it was — for it was yet early in drear November — people were already coming back to town. The Winstanleys were there — Winstanley as we know, always welcomed the earliest opportunity of getting back to his beloved clubs and City boards; so it was the more to his credit or to his daughter's that he had tied himself by a lease of Glenconon. Ralph Leslie was there, still busying himself when he could, over the affairs of the liquidation; occasionally taking flying trips to Glasgow, when, sorely against his tastes, he would travel third class; and striving to distract himself from his

various anxieties by hard work. He had to carry all the load of Moray's troubles, for he never forgot how they had been caused. And the future of his cousin lay near to his heart — and his own future as well; for was not the one inextricably bound up with the other? He used to say to himself that he was selfish, as very likely he was; but selfishness in certain circumstances may almost become a virtue, and at any rate must command the sympathies of humanity. Yet strange to say, with all that was weighing upon him, he found he had the power of turning to his literary pursuits with such concentrated exaltation as he had never experienced before. He always turned with an effort, but the effort was almost invariably rewarded. He looked forward with mingled pleasure and dread to the later hours of the evening. He would dine very frugally in his rooms — a more economical and agreeable arrangement than taking his meal in the mixed society of his club. After dinner he would doze and dream, and trifle with some light book — anything his indolence suggested, to put off the evil hour of pulling himself together and summoning his fancies. But once seated at his table, with parenthetical stridings up and down the floor, the clouds would clear from his brain as scales seemed to be falling from his brightening eyes. He was transported into fair fields of the imagination, where he might have forgotten the hard prose of the present, had it not been for a perpetually uneasy feeling, that the bent bow must not be permitted to fly back under some dimly realized penalty. That the double strain was doing deadly harm there could be no doubt; the poetical inspiration, which acted like the Oriental's *haschish*, transporting him into a dreamland which bordered on brain fever, was a blending of opiate and stimulant with subtle poison. All the same, a new poem was growing fast under his hand, more ambitious in its tone and its stately Spenserian measure than any he had yet attempted. Scheme it had none; it seemed to work out of itself, by suggestions independent of his thoughts and volitions. Scheme it had none; yet it seemed to be shaping itself in forms of grandeur and beauty that surprised and intoxicated him. He was by no means puffed up, and he wrote in fear and trembling, dashing the lines down in haste, lest his fancies should suddenly fail him. His pen seemed the instrument of a mysterious power; he felt as one of the Hebrew prophets might have felt, soaring

on the pinions of the spirit above the tabernacle of fleshly humanity. Yet as each prophetic utterance bore the stamp of the speaker's individuality, whether he came from the rugged watercourses of Gilead or the soft green meadows by the Jordan, so Leslie wove his own deep and sad recent experiences into the tissue of his web, and colored the threads with the tints of his consuming passion. He drew fresh excitement and a broader range of versatility from what might be called his humble self consciousness. His fear was that his pinions might fail him any day, and that in the midst of his adventurous flight he might come tumbling broken-backed to ground. Even then he comforted himself with the hope that his labors might not have been altogether wasted, — that he might leave a fragment to found a reputation, if Grace cared for that, like Coleridge's half-sung lay of "Christabel," or the strain of him

who left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold.

Meanwhile, night after night he worked late or less late, as it might be, for his inspiration would leave him with scarcely a second of warning. It was not its nature to flicker down like a dying candle; on the contrary, it was turned off of a sudden, like the jet of a gas-burner. Happily, though often his visions would revisit him in his bed, sometimes he slept the sleep of the dreamless. Nevertheless his strong constitution was being sapped; his sunken cheeks showed a hectic flush in place of the old rosy hues of health; and there was a feverish glitter in the eyes that had once been so calm and clear. He gave little thought to his own health; had he cared more, he might have consoled himself, had he known all. We know that pity is akin to love; but when love and pity are close allies as well as kinsfolk, the one fans the flame of the other. The sight of Leslie, whom she saw constantly, went as constantly to the innermost recesses of Grace's heart. Her great compassion grew, as she began to be greatly alarmed; and had he thought the time a fitting one to question her as to her feelings, the answer would have been given in a form that must have surpassed his fondest hopes. Even with his diffidence, as he caught her eyes fixed on his, as he saw her turn her head aside to conceal the tears that filled them, he must have been more modest and much less observant than he was, had he not more than suspected the truth.

As for Jack Venables, who found himself not unfrequently in company of the lovers, he had not a doubt on the matter, and it confirmed him in his new and manly resolutions.

"What a fool I was nearly making of myself!" he said to himself; "and what is worse, I was within an ace of behaving like a villain. Well, one thing I will say—that girl is enough to make a fool or a scoundrel of anybody with more passion than principle. Upon my word, I would willingly look as ill as Ralph—and he does look ill, and I shall send him to see Cutler—I would almost look as ill as Ralph to be pitied as she pities him. But, unluckily, that's past praying for, and my appetite is perfect, and I shall go and order dinner."

Which he did, and he did ample justice to the meal. But nevertheless, Jack's monologue was delivered rather ruefully; and as yet, he still felt more deeply than he would have been willing to allow. With the tempting prize he had stretched his hand for hanging immediately but impossibly beyond his reach, it was not in his nature that his heart-wounds should heal all at once. But all the same, as he knew, they were scarring over, and he was content to wait for the cure which he began to hope might be expected.

For Mr. Venables had likewise come up to town; and having unconscionably extended a long leave, was again engrossed in his arduous secretarial duties. He could do nothing for his uncle now, except cheer and sympathize with him; so, of course, he busied himself in his own affairs—social, political, and commercial—for, like Leslie, Jack felt in need of distraction. To do him bare justice, he was deeply grieved that Glenconan would accept nothing in the way of pecuniary help—that he would even give no promise as to the future, except that he would sooner address himself to Jack than to anybody. When he added, however, by way of afterthought, "unless, perhaps, Ralph Leslie," he was so struck by the look of annoyance on his favorite's face, that, suspecting that poor Jack was now altogether out of the running, he laid a hand on his arm, and said kindly,—

"Perhaps, to tell the truth, I *would* rather come to you first; for, though Ralph is the kindest and most affectionate of nephews, I have always regarded you as a boy of my own."

Still he remained peremptory as ever on the main point, and the very warmth of his expressions was cold comfort to

Jack. How well we should have got on as father and son-in-law, he thought, and what a pleasant little family party we might have made! Then he thought too, and with honest vexation, that, after all his fine promises and noble resolutions of self-sacrifice, he must seem something like a humbug to his cousin Grace. It was true that her father had proved obdurate beyond expectation; it was true, it was not his fault that she had not been able to show him how he could help them. Nevertheless, all the same, if he were not a humbug, he was in a somewhat ridiculous position—and to ridicule Jack was particularly sensitive.

Now it will be remembered that at the close of the happy explanation with her parent in the last chapter, Grace had remained silent and preoccupied. In fact her mind was full of a resolution she must lose no time in carrying out. Jack had been complaining that she had asked him to do nothing for her; he really seemed to bear her a grudge for breaking the terms of their compact. Well, he should no longer have even the semblance of a grievance, and she would tax his generosity to the uttermost. She knew it was a melancholy pleasure to him to see her, even in his character of rejected suitor; she half smiled, though there was moisture in her eyes as she thought so. Well, she was going to ask him to send her away from him; to use all his efforts and all his influence to procure her father some fixed appointment and a place of residence in the East. If that were assured him, it would cut the ground from under his feet, upon which he had chiefly objected to taking her along with him. Whether Jack could do it, she did not know; but she had a woman's faith in his star and in his rising fortunes. That he would do his best, she did not doubt; for she had a woman's faith in the loyalty of the man who had honestly, though hopelessly, loved her.

Jack was seated in state in the offices of the president of the Council. Lord Wrekin was far away—belated over a course of the waters at Aix-les-Bains—and Jack had taken possession of the presence-chamber, and was filling his lordship's chair of state. In the dignity of that position, he held subversive and democratic views. He declared to himself that in an effete state of society, rank and age received undue recognition. Here was Lord Wrekin, who was a worse victim to the gout than his brother, promoted to his highly responsible post on the score

of being a peer and a sexagenarian; while he, who was really discharging the duties of the office, was declared by a stupid prejudice to be ineligible for a position in which, as he flattered himself, he might have shone.

He was disturbed from an Alnaschar-like reverie—in which he was lightly leaping from office to office, in a rise to the upper ranks of the peerage—by the entrance of the messenger. Jack started and blushed, as if the man could have read his absurdities; and then his features assumed an expression of dignified austerity, which was equally absurd, and quite perceptible to the messenger. But the well-trained official repressed a grin, and announced deferentially, "A lady to see you, sir."

Now Jack, in the discharge of his delicate duties, had not only to answer a great variety of cream-laid and wire-woven notes with gorgeous blazons or eccentric monograms, but to receive a good many "ladies of quality" who preferred to transact their little affairs in person. Some of these *grandes dames* were welcome enough; but there were one or two exceptionally assiduous in attendance, who had long ago become his *bêtes noires*, if we dare apply so rough an expression to the gentler sex. So Jack inquired, with real concern, whether Bateson chanced to know the lady.

"Never saw her before, Mr. Venables," was the unhesitating reply; "but I think, sir," he added with overdone stolidity, "that perhaps you might not object to receive her."

A wink at all times was as good as a nod to Jack.

"It is really excessively inconvenient at this hour; but—well, I don't know. Bring the lady up, Bateson—beg her to walk up."

Up she walked accordingly; and had she been stepping on bare boards, the light, tripping foot so familiar to Jack's ear would have fallen unfamiliarly, it was set down so deliberately. But the thick pile of the Turkey carpets deadened all sound; and when Bateson threw back the door a second time, the secretary was buried in the perusal of a voluminous state paper. Almost before the door had gently closed again, a light, silvery laugh disturbed the hypocrite. He sprang to his feet; he pitched the document behind him, where it fell into the fire and burned away unregarded. For in another moment Jack had caught his cousin in his arms, and pressed his lips upon

her cheek before he consented to release her.

"Well, I declare, sir," she exclaimed, as she blushed, and laughed again, and arranged her bonnet—"well, I declare, sir, if I had doubted about my reception, your warmth of welcome ought to reassure me. And I, who had always innocently imagined that the office of lord president of the Council embodied all that was most ceremonious and formal!"

"And so it does, Grace, in an ordinary way;" and he thought grimly of one or two of his most dreaded visitors. "But you see, we allow ourselves a considerable discretion; and so, in exceptional instances, we relax the rules."

"Then the sooner they are tightened again the better, I should say." And then, remembering the grave business on which she had come, the change on her own countenance was sudden enough in all conscience. Jack remarked it at once, and knew the business she had come upon as well as if she had already told him. He remembered, too, that the unseasonable freedom of his reception might leave her, upon second thoughts, ill at ease. She had come to her cousin unchaperoned, and he had treated her cavalierly, as he would never have behaved to her, unless under extreme provocation, in her own drawing-room. On the instant there was a corresponding change in him. All the kindness of his manner remained, but the fervor had died out of it; and no precision of the straiter sect of the Puritans could have been more gently formal. If he had sinned, the best reparation he could make was to spare her all further embarrassments.

"And now, Grace, to tell me what you have come about, if you think it worth while. Or rather go straight to the point, and let me know what I can do to serve my uncle. If you knew how I had wearied and waited for this hour, you would not be surprised that my raptures betrayed me into extravagance."

Grace looked with her frank eyes into his, and blushing again, her looks more than thanked him. She fancied they understood each other so well—and she was right—that she wasted not a single breath upon civilities, but went indeed very straight to the point. She told him how she was situated; she painted the terror and grief with which she regarded separation; and she wound up by saying,—

"Should he go out as he proposes, on something like a wild-goose chase, he will

leave me behind, and there is no help for it. His heartstrings are entwined so firmly with mine, that nothing I can urge will possibly move him; and though I know he will suffer as much as I, my tears will harden instead of melting him. Whereas, if I could manage what he believes to be impossible, and get him some reasonably good engagement, with fixed headquarters, he stands committed in honor as in tenderness, and can hardly possibly draw back. Oh, Jack!"

Jack sat in silence looking down, and drumming on the table with his fingers. Grace had a horrible sinking of the heart. Was she to be disappointed, after all, in her volatile cousin? and had she been trusting to a bending reed? But the doubt was only momentary, and her cousin glanced up with a face that was at once reassuring and resolute. She had never seen him look so much of the man; indeed, as he rose to his feet, with his strong figure and smiling face, and seeming to hold her destiny in his hands, he appeared to her overstrained nerves very much of the demigod. He took a turn or two along the great rug without speaking, and when he did speak, it seemed as if he were weighing each word, very contrary to his usual custom.

"You have given me the opportunity I prayed for, Grace; now it is for me to avail myself of it. I would not raise false hopes for the world, for I would guard against adding to your anxieties by disappointment. But I solemnly swear by what I hold most sacred—and that is my brotherly love for you—that I shall spare neither effort, influence, nor self-esteem in trying to help you to the object you desire. I shall push requests as I should never push them for myself; and you know," he added, with a smile, "that I have a very sufficient stock of impudence. As for the rest, it is in the hands of Providence; but I have a strong idea that Providence will smile upon us. And who knows, but that if Providence should interest itself in us, I may have the opportunity of killing two birds with one stone, and paying off an instalment of my debt to Ralph? If he saw that it was all comparatively smooth sailing with Glencoman, I see no reason why you and Ralph should not marry. Do you?"

"Oh, dear Jack, how very good you are! But—but—he has never asked me."

"Well, he will then—you may take my word for that—and perhaps before many days are over. And now I must send

you summarily away, for I have many things to turn over in my mind, much to the injury of her Majesty's service. Besides, there is Mr. Bateson's knock at the door; if Bateson interrupts a business interview of this sort, you may be very sure that the summons is urgent."

From Temple Bar.

HAVANA; FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE city of Havana, as it took shape and color before me in the dawn of a February morning, was the pleasantest sight my eyes had fed on for many days, for I had just come from Florida, whither architecture has not yet penetrated.

Havana, viewed from the sea, is one of the most picturesque of cities; and in order fully to appreciate its charm, one has but to visit it fresh from a sojourn in a young American settlement.

As the first faint glimmer along the eastern horizon began to pierce the surrounding darkness, and slowly dissipate the mist which lay like a shadowy curtain over the city, we saw that our steamer was one of a little fleet of six or seven vessels, benighted like ourselves, and awaiting the signal from the castle which should permit them to enter the harbor. We steamed slowly landward, and the grey mass over against us, taking more definite shape, revealed the bastions and ramparts of the Morro, the castle which crowns the ridge of rock forming the northern side of the channel, and guards the entrance to the harbor. The city, dimly visible through the mist, seemed asleep; the castle gave out no sign. All at once, as it were, came the day; up leaped the sun over the horizon; the city, throwing off her misty night-robe, gleamed with walls of white and blue and purple, and reflected light from spire and tower and dome; the cannon from the Morro thundered out its summons, and, as the last echo died away upon the wave, we were abreast of the fortress, and making our way into the harbor.

The aspect of Havana is of course entirely Spanish. The boats with their striped awnings and lateen sails; the swarthy boatmen and their jargon; the flat-roofed houses with their painted walls, all remind you of Cadiz and Barcelona. Nor is the illusion dispelled when you land. The language you hear around you is that of the Peninsula; the fishermen

lolling on the *muelle*, the beggars who importune you as you set foot upon the quay, the ragged lads sucking cocoanuts or quarrelling over their watermelon, are all true children of Spain; Spanish are the narrow, flagged streets, hung with gaily painted awnings; Spanish are the disreputable-looking cabs and swarthy cabmen, and truly Spanish are the smells and filth. Havana must look to-day very much as it looked a hundred years ago, and as it will look a hundred years hence.

The first thing a visitor naturally does, after he is settled in his temporary residence, is to present his credentials. Spanish courtesy and the gentle behavior of the Spaniard towards strangers are proverbial, and nowhere do they flourish more fairly than in the island of Cuba. In the large cities of Spain, the chivalric courtesy which was once the distinguishing characteristic of the Spaniard, has come to be regarded as out of date; in Madrid men prefer to ape the brusqueness of the Parisian rather than copy the courtesy of their forefathers; and the true Spanish manners of the old style are seldom encountered save in the provinces. But the Cuban is cast in the old mould. You have but to present yourself to him under proper auspices and his house is at your disposal, a place at his table is reserved for you, his horses are at your service; he will put aside his own business that he may help you to take your pleasure; his friends vie with himself in providing for your entertainment; and if your stay in Cuba is not a pleasant one it will be your own fault surely, and not that of your hosts.

The houses of the wealthier Cubans are as comfortable within as they are cheerless from without. Outside, they look like prisons; you enter and find a palace. Not palatial in appointments, for, with few exceptions, the rooms are bare and undecorated; but palatial in size. Many are constructed after the fashion introduced into Spain by the Moors, a style peculiarly adapted to the climate of the tropics. A broad façade with peristyle and balustrade of marble, approached by a flight of steps, forms the front of the building, and on the terrace beneath, after the heat of the day is over, you may see the inmates of the house swaying slowly to and fro in rocking-chairs, entertaining their friends, smoking, drinking coffee (coffee in Cuba is simply perfect), eating *dulces*, and exchanging salutations with the passers-by. From this terrace or verandah you enter the general living-room of the family, ex-

tending across the entire front of the house, large enough for a ball-room, and always pleasantly cool. This too is usually paved with marble. The house itself is built around an oblong court, the dining-room being at the end opposite to the salon, the rooms between being devoted to sleeping apartments, smoking and billiard rooms, bath-rooms, etc. In the centre of the court rises a marble fountain; palms, palmettos, flowering shrubs, and tropical plants are grouped around; a marble balustrade encloses it, and slender marble columns join their capitals to the broad eaves of the roof. In the bright tropical moonlight, when the fountain plashes softly through the air, sprinkling the variegated leaves below with glittering drops of spray, the contrast between the white marble and the broad green leaves of the palmettos, the bougainvillea with its clusters of purple or brilliant scarlet blossom, clinging to the marble pilasters, or drooping to the balustrade below, unite to form as pretty a picture as the eye can desire.

Society in Cuba consists of three distinct classes. First there is the Cuban society formed of the descendants of the old colonists. These consider themselves the *élite* of the island, and hold somewhat apart from intercourse with the Spaniards or the foreigners. The golden days of the Cuban are past, and there is not much hope of their return. Formerly every Cuban had as much money as he knew what to do with. He never needed to take thought for the morrow; and his large estates, administered by his intendant, gave him no concern, and provided him with the means to satisfy almost every whim. The peace which put an end to ten years of desultory warfare, saw the colonists almost wholly without resources. Of their wealthiest, many had spent their fortunes in the vain struggle for freedom, some had been banished, and many more left the island to settle in America or Europe. The power is in the hands of the Spanish officials, the wealth principally in that of the foreign merchants. There are of course a few old families who still keep up the ancient prestige, but the majority of the Cubans have a hard struggle with evil times, dishonest intendants, loss of trade, and a grasping government. As their poverty has increased, their pride has kept pace with it, and the Cuban disdains the whole tribe of Spaniards from the captain-general downwards, and looks upon the foreign merchants much as Ivanhoe regarded Isaac of York.

Then there is the Spanish society, com-

posed of the officials who form the government of the island, their families and hangers-on. This is of necessity ephemeral, for these officials are all Spaniards, appointed and sent out by the home government, and any change of ministry (and changes of ministry are not infrequent in Spain, where to hold a portfolio, if only for a day, entitles one to a pension of twelve hundred a year) will disseat them all. It is commonly reported that these officials owe their positions not to merit, but money; and that the surest way to secure a snug appointment is to make your application to the mistress of the man in power. Such stories sound strange in the nineteenth century, but Spain is still in the eighteenth. It is said that in many cases the greater part of the salary is retained by the patron, so that the official thus appointed, knowing on what contingencies his tenure of office depends, is fain to make the most he can *par la voie indirecte*. A gentleman residing in Cuba, told me that he had been on terms of intimacy with a former collector of customs in Cuba. This man held his post for two years. He had to send home *the whole of his salary* to the patron who appointed him; and he left Cuba with sixty thousand dollars net profit. But official peculation is part of the Spanish system; every man who pulls an oar in the government galley, thinks himself at liberty to dip in his private bucket at the same time. The following anecdote, the truth of which I can personally avouch, will illustrate this. A medical man of high scientific standing and large practice, a Cuban by birth, was appointed to represent the island at the Washington Medical Congress. The secretary who wrote to inform him of his appointment, added that a sum of two hundred dollars would be allowed him towards his expenses. The physician wrote back, declining the appointment. Meeting the captain-general, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, shortly afterwards, he was asked why he had thus declined the offer, and explained that he could not afford to leave his practice for the meagre equivalent of two hundred dollars. The captain-general opened his eyes. "There must be a mistake somewhere," said he, "for I remember distinctly that the amount of the grant was two thousand dollars." Upon inquiry it was found that the clerks in the office had agreed to offer the physician two hundred dollars, or such other sum as they could induce him to accept, and then share the modest remainder among themselves.

This subject reminds me of an incident related to me in Mexico by a gentleman who had known one of the parties concerned. It treats of the times when "General" Santa Anna, after a successful revolution, found himself at the head of affairs, and began to divide the snug places of the government among his followers. One of these was a certain cavalry officer who had served the general well, and, to reward his devotion, Santa Anna appointed him collector of customs at Mazatlan. Our friend was not only a brave soldier, but an honest man; he went to fill his new position with the firm intention of doing his duty by the government which had appointed him. He had not been long at Mazatlan before three of the leading merchants called upon him, and informed him that three ships would probably arrive at Mazatlan in three or four days. The new collector thanked the merchants, and his visitors retired. Two days later, one of them came again, evidently perturbed. "My dear sir, are you aware that one of the ships is expected here to-morrow morning?"

"So you gave me to understand when I last had the honor of receiving you; what of it?"

The merchant looked surprised, then all at once a light broke in upon him. "Do you mean to say," he said, "that you are not acquainted with the custom followed at Mazatlan on occasions like the present?"

"I must confess I am not, if it is anything beyond the usual routine."

"Well then, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of instructing you. When a ship is signalled in the bay, it is expected that the collector of customs will pay a short visit to the country, lasting, say, a week or so. Our hospitable friend, Señor Mendez, places his hacienda at your service; his horses are at your disposal; his son, a charming young man, will, if you wish it, accompany you thither and enliven your stay; you will have a week's excellent sport. When you return hither, I will have the honor, on behalf of myself and my brother merchants, of soliciting your acceptance of the modest sum of one thousand pesos in token of our general esteem."

The old soldier knits his brows.

"And what will be the result if I decline to accept your generous invitation?"

"Señor, you surprise me! You surely are not going to raise objections, or give trouble, when all may be so well arranged?"

"Oblige me by answering my question."

"Well, I must confess that we have considered that possibility, and in the event of your refusing to comply with our humble request, but only as an extreme, a most extreme measure, to which I am sure you will be unwilling to compel us, and which our own good feeling, and the respect with which we regard you, will make us most unwilling to adopt —"

"Pray proceed."

"Well, we shall be compelled to use force."

"Use force to me?"

"I regret to say so, but it will be inevitable, if you persist in your refusal."

The old soldier rose, twirling his moustache.

"Now sir, that I understand you, I beg you to understand me. I am here to collect the customs, and I mean to fulfil my duty at all risks. There is my answer, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, save that I greatly regret your decision, and beg most humbly to take my leave of you."

Next morning the merchants called again; the vessel was in the bay. Would the collector listen to reason and accept an amicable arrangement? The old soldier smiled grimly.

"I gave my answer yesterday. When the vessel anchors, I will go down to the quay; I will see that every box and bale and barrel is conveyed into the custom-house, there to be valued and levied on; and if you attempt to interfere with me in the execution of my duty, I will call upon the commandant of the fortress to support me with his men."

The merchants looked at one another and smiled, and the spokesman said, —

"Ah, my dear sir, how do you know that our worthy commandant is not equally interested with ourselves in your paying the country a visit? Let us beg you to alter your decision."

"It is made, and nothing will alter it."

At a signal from one of the merchants, five or six soldiers rushed in and overpowered the unfortunate collector. He was conveyed on board a ship, and carried to an island in the Pacific. There he remained for two months, until a passing vessel enabled him to return to the mainland. He hastened to Santa Anna, and related the treatment he had been subjected to. The old bandit listened tranquilly.

"My good fellow," he said, "you have brought it on your own shoulders. I gave you the appointment that you might make

a good thing of it. I have sent another man there, and I hear no complaints."

The simple old soldier opened his eyes.

"Well, general, I have had my lesson. Give me another place, and you will hear no complaints on the score of my honesty."

Santa Anna threw down his cigarette.

"No, sir, I have nothing for you; you have had your chance. I have no employment for fools," said the old scoundrel as he hobbled out of the room.

The foreign element is of course composed of merchants from other nations, who have settled in the island. Germans, French, and of late years Americans also, are among its members; but the majority are of British parentage, European-born or creole. This portion of Cuban society is pleasant enough, and some of its members entertain to a considerable extent. The Spaniards show courtesy and civility to strangers; but it is only by associating with the Cubans that one gets initiated into the manners and customs of the islanders. Briefly, take the Cuban society, if you can, the Spanish if you will, and the foreign if you must.

In those Cuban families which have not held themselves aloof from intercourse with foreigners, the gradual influence of modern ideas has done much to soften the rigor of the old system, which debarred the maidens of a Spanish family from intercourse with the opposite sex; but in many families the old *régime* is still maintained, and the *amante de ventana* is still a common sight in Havana. He may pour forth to his mistress, sitting within the window, his most impassioned vows; she is the star of his life, the light of his soul, the hope of his existence; but with these abstract delights he must rest contented. Towards a favored swain a tiny hand may be extended between the bars, a ribbon or other love-token entrusted; but the barred window is always between them, and the *duéña* always within ear-shot.

While I was in Cuba I was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of a lady of noble Mexican family, who had been settled in the island for many years. She must have been between sixty and seventy; but except that her hair was snow-white and her form somewhat bent, she showed little sign of age, while her skin still preserved its smoothness and her eyes sparkled with the vivacity of youth. She was one of the most charming talkers I have met. One evening, in conversation with her, I alluded to the passage in

the "Barbiere," where Don Bartolo examines his niece's fingers to see if she has been writing to Almagiva. "Surely," I said, "it is out of the nature of things to suppose that Don Bartolo would exercise so strict a watch upon his ward."

Dona Juana smiled.

"Well," she said, after a moment's pause, "I will tell you of a case in point, which shows that, when I was a girl, such extreme vigilance was by no means uncommon. I was educated with my sisters at a convent near Mexico. I was the youngest, and when I was fifteen I returned to my father's house. My sisters had married, and I was alone with my father and my *dueña*. I led a very happy life; whatever I wished for was mine at once; and I was careful not to give utterance to unreasonable desires. In the morning I sat in the house, or walked with my *dueña*; in the afternoon we drove, my father riding by the side of the carriage. Four things only were denied me: pen, ink, pencil, paper. But I had no one to write to, and I did not feel the restriction a hard one, indeed I never thought much about it. So you see, señor, that your Don Bartolo is not such an exaggerated character; for my father's views were but those of his countrymen."

"But tell me, señora," said I, "did the time never come when you found these restrictions burdensome?"

"You shall hear," she said; "that is, if you care to listen to the love-story of an old woman like myself. I was seated one morning at the window, when I noticed a young cavalier come riding up the street. He was superbly dressed and mounted: he wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, trimmed with silver lace; his large black riding-cloak was lined with scarlet, and his heavy silver spurs jingled as he rode. I thought I never in my life had seen so handsome a cavalier. He saw me sitting at the window, and looked so fixedly at me that I drew the curtain in my embarrassment. He must have turned his horse at the head of the street, for while I was still trembling with excitement, he came riding past again, and this time, as he passed, he took off his sombrero and bowed. I scarcely slept that night. Next morning, I accompanied my *dueña* to mass at the cathedral. As we left the church, I raised my eyes and saw the cavalier who had bowed to me the day before, standing at the entrance. Señor, I need not tell you that I had never had any experience in affairs of the heart; I was fresh from the convent, and had

scarcely spoken to any man except my confessor and my father; but I felt instinctively that this handsome gentleman had come there to see me. As we passed I felt his hand touch mine, and a little note was placed between my fingers.

"When we returned to the house, I managed, not without difficulty, to open and read my letter alone. It is fifty years since I received it, and I have it still—my first love-letter. Can you enter into the feelings of a Mexican girl when she is told for the first time that her eyes are brighter than the stars, more tender than the gazelle's, and that her heart surely cannot be colder than her smile? But I will not weary you with the repetition of my precious little letter, every line of which I still know by heart. I read and re-read it, and then sat down to consider how I was to answer it."

"There your difficulty must have been insurmountable."

"Truly it did at first seem so. Writing materials I had none. Confide in my *dueña* I dared not. She was a relative of my father's, stern and severe. Still, I was determined to answer the letter. So kind a note; so handsome a cavalier; it would be cruel to leave him without a reply. Besides, my heart was enlisted on his side. The letter had to be answered, that was certain; only, how was I to do it?"

"I need not tell you, who know something of Spanish life, that my library was extremely select. Indeed, it consisted but of my book of offices, and two large books of devotional exhortations. But, I had a huge packet of saints' cards I had used at the convent—one for almost every day in the year. I do not know whether you have ever seen such—cards with a picture of the saint or martyr at the top, and a prayer addressed to him underneath. Well, I was desperate, and I resolved to sacrifice the saints' cards. I cut out the words I needed—and the fervid ejaculations served my purpose well—and thus I composed my letter. Then I took one of my handkerchiefs, and sewed each word to it in regular order.

"The next morning I was at my window betimes, and it was not long before I saw the cavalier approach on foot. I rolled my handkerchief into a ball, and when he was close to the window, I let it drop at his feet. He picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

"In this manner we corresponded for nearly two months, exchanging handkerchiefs daily, either at my window, or at

the cathedral door. During all this time, I had never exchanged a spoken word with this gentleman. He told me who he was, and I was rejoiced to learn that his family was equal in position to our own. By this time my pile of saints' cards had been long exhausted, and the books of sermons were sadly mutilated, but they furnished me with the fairest phrases! When the second month had past, I wrote that I thought he should speak with my father.

"The next day he came, accompanied by his uncle, and proposed formally for my hand. My father readily accepted him, for he was a man of distinction, and noble. We were married soon after, and lived for ten years in Mexico. Political disturbances forced us to retire to Cuba, where my husband had estates. I have been twenty years a widow, and have never ceased to regret my loss. So you see, señor, that though I won my husband by deception, yet it was, as it were, forced upon me, and I think in my case it was pardonable. Only, the saints' cards, and those pious books! that was a grievous sin, and I have done penance for it since, I may tell you."

I have given the substance of the story, but the manner of the narration cannot be reproduced. The lovely, white-haired old lady, telling her little love-story of half a century ago, now with a smile and then a sigh; her soft voice, and the tenderness in her eyes as she spoke of her husband and lover, would have impressed the most careless listener; and by one who heard her, the story of that evening will not soon be forgotten.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AND Constance, too, had found it amusing; she did not hesitate to acknowledge that to herself. She had got a great deal of diversion out of these six weeks. There had been nothing, really, when you came to think of it, to amuse anybody; a few dull walks; a drive along the dusty roads, which were more dusty than anything she had ever experienced in her life; and then a ramble among the hills, a climb from terrace to terrace of the olive gardens, or through the stony streets of a little mountain town. It was the contrast, the harmony, the antagonism, the duel

and the companionship continually going on, which had given everything its zest. The scientific man with an exciting object under the microscope, the astronomer with his new star pulsing out of the depths of sky, could scarcely have been more absorbed than Constance. Not so much; for not the most cherished of star-fishes, not the most glorious of stars, is so exciting as it is to watch the risings and flowings of emotion under your own hand, to feel that you can cause ecstasy or despair, and raise up another human creature to the heights of delight, or drop him to depths beneath purgatory, at your will. When the young and cruel possess this power—and the very young are often cruel by ignorance, by inability to understand suffering—they are seldom clever enough to use it to the full extent. But Constance was clever, and had tasted blood before. It had made the time pass as nothing else could have done. It had carried on a thread of keen interest through all these commonplace pursuits. It had been as amusing, nay, much more so than if she had loved him; for she got the advantage of all his follies without sharing them, and felt herself to stand high in cool, ethereal light, while the unfortunate young man turned himself outside in for her enlightenment. She had enjoyed herself. She did not deny it; but now there was the penalty to pay.

He was gone, clean gone, escaped from her power; and nothing was left but the beggarly elements of this small, bare life, in which there was nothing to amuse or interest. The roads were more dusty than ever, lying white in heat and dust, which rose in clouds round every carriage—carriage! that was an euphemism—cab which passed. The sun blazed everywhere, so that one thought regretfully of the dull skies of England, and charitably of the fogs and rains. There was nothing to do but to go up among the olives and sit down upon some ledge and look at the sea. Constance did not draw, neither did she read. She did nothing that could be of any use to her here. She regretted now that she had allowed herself at the very beginning to fall into the snare of that amusement, too ready to her hand, which consisted of Captain Gaunt. It had been a mistake, if for no other reason, at least because it left the dulness more dull than ever, now it was over. He it was who had been her resource, his looks and ways her study, the gradual growth of his love the romance which had kept her going. She asked herself sometimes

whether she could possibly have done as much harm to him as to herself by this indulgence, and answered earnestly, no. How could it do him any harm? He was vexed, of course, for the moment, because he could not have her; but very soon he would come to. He would be a fool, more of a fool than she thought him, if he did not soon see that it was much better for him that she had thought only of a little amusement. Why should he marry, a young man with very little money? There could be no doubt it would have been a great mistake. Constance did not know what society in India is like, but she supposed it must be something like society at home, and in that case, there was no doubt he would have found it altogether more difficult, had he gone back a married man.

She could not think, looking at the subject dispassionately, how he could ever have wished it. An unmarried young man (she reflected) gets asked to a great many places, where the people could not be troubled with a pair. And whereas some girls may be promoted by marriage, it is *almost always* to the disadvantage of a young man. So, why should he make a fuss about it, this young woman of the world asked herself. He ought to have been very glad that he had got his amusement and no penalty to pay. But for herself, she was sorry. Now he was gone, there was nobody to talk to, nobody to walk with, no means of amusement at all. She did not know what to do with herself, while he was speeding to dear London. What was she to do with herself? Filial piety and the enjoyment of her own thoughts — without anything to do even for her father, or any subject to employ her thoughts upon — these were all that seemed to be left to her in her life. The tourists and invalids were all gone, so that there was not even the chance of somebody turning up at the hotels; and even the Gaunts — between whom and herself there was now a gulf fixed — and the Durants, who were bores unspeakable, were going away. What was she to do?

Alas, that exhilarating game which had ended so sadly for George Gaunt, was not ending very cheerfully for Constance. It had made life too tolerable — it had kept her in a pleasant self-deception as to the reality of the lot she had chosen. Now that reality flashed upon her — nay; the word is far too animated; it did not flash, nothing any longer flashed, except that invariable, intolerable sun, it opened upon her dully with its long, long, endless vis-

tas. The still rooms in the palazzo with the green *persiane* closed, all blazing sunshine without, all dead stillness and darkness within — and nothing to do, nobody to see, nothing to give a fresh turn to her thoughts. Not a novel even! Papa's old books upon out-of-the-way subjects, dreary as the dusty road, endless as the uneventful days — and papa himself the centre of all. When she turned this over and over in her mind, it seemed to her that if, when she first came, instead of being seduced into flowery paths of flirtation, she had paid a little attention to her father, it might have been better for her now. But that chance was over, and George Gaunt was gone, and only dulness remained behind.

And oh, how different it must be in town, where the season was just beginning, and Frances, that little country thing, who would care nothing about it, was going to be presented! Constance, it is scarcely necessary to say, had been told what her sister was to wear; indeed, having gone through the ceremony herself, and knowing exactly what was right, could have guessed without being told. How would Frances look with her little demure face and her neat little figure? Constance had no unkindly feeling towards her sister. She fully recognized the advantages of the girl, who was like mamma; and whose youthful freshness would be enhanced by the good looks of the little stately figure beside her, showing the worst that Frances was likely to come to, even when she got old. Constance knew very well that this was a great advantage to a girl, having heard the frank remarks of society upon those beldams who lead their young daughters into the world, presenting in their own persons a horrible caricature of what those girls may grow to be. But Frances would look very well, the poor exile decided, sitting on the low wall of one of the terraces, gazing through the gray olives over the blue sea. She would look very well. She would be frightened, yet amused by the show. She would be admired — by people who liked that quiet kind. Markham would be with them; and Claude, perhaps Claude, if it was a fine day, and there was no east in the wind! She stopped to laugh to herself, at this suggestion, but her color rose at the same time, and an angry question woke in her mind. Claude! She had told Mrs. Gaunt she was engaged to him still. Was she engaged to him? Or had he thrown her off as she threw him off, and perhaps found consolation in Frances? At

this thought, the olive gardens in their coolness grew intolerable, and the sea the dreariest of prospects. She jumped up, and notwithstanding the sun and the dust, went down the broad road, the old Roman way, where there was no shade nor shelter. It was not safe, she said to herself, to be left there with her thoughts. She must break the spell or die.

She went, of all places in the world, poor Constance! to the Durants in search of a little variety. Their loggia also was covered with an awning; but they did not venture into it till the sun was going down. They had their tea-table in the drawing-room, which, till the eyes grew accustomed to it, was quite dark, with but one ray of subdued light stealing in from the open door of the loggia, but the blinds all closed and the windows. Here Constance was directed, by the glimmer of reflection in the teapot and china, to the spot where the family were sitting, Mrs. Durant and Tasie languidly waving their fans. The *dolce far niente* was not appreciated in that clerical house. Tasie thought it her duty to be always doing something, knitting at least for a bazaar, if it was not light enough for other work. But the heat had overcome even Tasie; though it could not, if it had been tropical, do away with the little furnace of the hot tea. They all received Constance with the languid delight of people in an atmosphere of ninety degrees, to whom no visitor has appeared, nor any incident happened all day.

"Oh, Miss Waring," said Tasie, "we have just had a great disappointment. Some one sent us the *Queen* from home — and we looked directly for the drawing-room, to see Frances's name and how she was dressed; but it is not there."

"No," said Constance; "the 29th is her day."

"Oh, that is what I said, mamma. I said we must have mistaken the date. It couldn't be that there was any mistake about going, when she wrote and told us. I knew the date must be wrong."

"Many things may occur at the last moment to stop one, Tasie. I have known a lady with her dress all ready laid out on the bed, and circumstances happened so that she could not go."

"That is by no means a singular experience, my dear," said Mr. Durant, who in his black coat was almost invisible. "I have known many such cases; and in matters more important than drawing-rooms."

"There were the Sangazures," said the clergyman's wife — "don't you recollect?

Lady Alice was just putting on her bonnet to go to her daughter's marriage, when —"

"It is really unnecessary to recall so many examples," said Constance. "No doubt, they are all quite true; but as a matter of fact, in this case the date was the 29th."

"Oh, I hope," said Tasie, "that somebody will send us another *Queen*; for I should be so sorry to miss seeing about Frances. Have you heard, Miss Waring, how she is to be dressed?"

"It will be the usual white business," said Constance calmly.

"You mean — all white? Yes, I suppose so; and the material, silk or satin, with tulle? O yes, I have no doubt; but to see it all written down, with the drappings and *bouillonnés* and all that, makes it so much more real. Don't you think so? Dear Frances, she always looked so nice in white — which is trying to many people. I really cannot wear white, for my part."

Constance looked at her with a scarcely concealed smile. She was not tolerant of the old-young lady, as Frances was. Her eyes meant mischief as they made out the sandy complexion, the uncertain hair, which were so unlike Frances's clear little face and glossy brown satin locks. But fortunately, the eloquence of looks did not tell for much in that closely shuttered dark room. And Constance's nerves, already so jarred and strained, responded with another keen vibration when Mrs. Durant's voice suddenly came out of the gloom with a bland question: "And when are you moving? Of course, like all the rest, you must be on the wing."

"Where should we be going? I don't think we are going anywhere," she said.

"My dear Miss Waring! that shows, if you will let me say so, how little you know of our climate here. You must go; in the summer, it is intolerable. We have stayed a little longer than usual, this year. My husband takes the duty at Homburg every summer, as perhaps you are aware."

"Oh, it is so much nicer there for the Sunday work," said Tasie; "though I love dear little Bordighera too. But the Sunday school is a trial. To give up one's afternoons and take a great deal of trouble for perhaps three children! Of course, papa, I know it is my duty."

"And quite as much your duty, if there were but one; for think if you saved but one soul. Is that not worth living for, Tasie?" Mr. Durant said.

"O yes, yes, papa. I only say it is a little hard. Of course, that is the test of duty. Tell Frances, please, when you

write, Miss Waring, there is to be a bazaar for the new church; and I dare say she could send or do me something. Two or three of her nice little sketches. People like that sort of thing. Generally, things at bazaars are so useless. Knitted things, everybody has got such shoals of them; but a water-color — you know that always sells."

"I will tell Fan," said Constance, "when I write — but that is not often. We are neither of us very good correspondents."

"You should tell your papa," went on Mrs. Durant, "of that little place which I always say I discovered, Miss Waring. Such a nice little place, and quite cool and cheap. Nobody goes; there is not a tourist passing by once in a fortnight. Mr. Waring would like it, I know. Don't you think Mr. Waring would like it, papa?"

"That depends, my dear, upon so many circumstances over which he has no control, such as, which way the wind is blowing, and if has the books he wants, and —"

"Papa, you must not laugh at Mr. Waring. He is a dear. I will not hear a word that is not nice of Mr. Waring," cried Tasie.

This championship of her father was more than Constance could bear. She rose from her seat quickly and declared that she must go.

"So soon?" said Mrs. Durant, holding the hand which Constance had held out to her and looking up with keen eyes and spectacles. "And we have not said a word yet of the event and all about it, and why it was. But I think we can give a guess at why it was."

"What event?" Constance said with chill surprise — as if she cared what was going on in their little world!

"Ah, how can you ask me, my dear? The last event, that took us all so much by surprise. I am afraid, I am sadly afraid you are not without blame."

"O mamma! Miss Waring will think we do nothing but gossip. But you must remember there is so little going on, that we can't help remarking — And perhaps it was quite true what they said, that poor Captain Gaunt —"

"Oh, if it is anything about Captain Gaunt," said Constance, hastily withdrawing her hand; "I know so little about the people here —"

Tasie followed her to the door. "You must not mind," she said, "what mamma says. She does not mean anything — it is only her way. She always thinks there

must be reasons for things. Now I," said Tasie, "know that very often there are no reasons for anything." Having uttered this oracle, she allowed the visitor to go down-stairs. "And you will not forget to tell Frances," she said, looking over the balustrade. In a little house like that of the Durants, the stairs in England would have been wood, and shabby ones; but here they were marble, and of imposing appearance. "Any little thing I should be thankful for," said Tasie; "or she might pick up a few trifles from one of the Indian shops; but water colors are what I should prefer. Good-bye, dear Miss Waring. Oh, it is not good-bye for good; I shall certainly come to see you before we go away!"

Constance had not gone half-way along the Marina when she met General Gaunt, who looked grave, but yet greeted her kindly. "We are going to-morrow," he said. "My wife is so very busy, I do not know if she will be able to find time to call to say good-bye."

"I hope you don't think so badly of me as she does, General Gaunt?"

"Badly, my dear young lady! You must know that is impossible," said the old soldier, shuffling a little from one foot to the other. And then he added: "Ladies are a little unreasonable. And if they think you have interfered with the little finger of a child of theirs — But I hope you will let me have the pleasure of paying my farewell visit in the morning."

"Good bye, general," Constance said. She held her head high, and walked proudly away past all the empty hotels and shops, not heeding the sun, which still played down upon her, though from a lower level. She cared nothing for these people, she said to herself vehemently, and yet the mere feeling of the farewells in the air added a forlorn feeling to the stagnation of the place. Everybody was going away except her father and herself. She felt as if the preparations and partings, and all the pleasure of Tasie in the "work" elsewhere, and her little fussiness about the bazaar, were all offences to herself, Constance, who was not thought good enough even to ask a contribution from. No one thought Constance good for anything, except to blame her for ridiculous impossibilities, such as not marrying Captain Gaunt. It seemed that this was the only thing which she was supposed capable of doing. And while all the other people went away, she was to stay here to be burned brown, and

perhaps to get fever, unused as she was to a blazing summer like this. She had to stay here, she, who was so young, and could enjoy everything, while all the old people, to whom it would not matter very much, went away. She felt angry, offended, miserable, as she went in and got herself ready mechanically for dinner. She knew her father would take no notice, would probably receive the news of the departure of the others without remark. He cared nothing, not nearly so much as about a new book. And she, throbbing with pain, discomfiture, loneliness, and anger, was alone to bear the burden of this stillness and of the uninhabited world.

From All The Year Round.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARITHMETIC.

THE Englishman's inherent love of old associations, and his consequent antipathy to change, are such prominent features in his national character that they have become proverbial.

Like the old squire in Goldsmith's immortal comedy, he is wont to exclaim: "I love everything that's old — old friends, old times, old manners, old books, and old wines."

An ancient coin, a long forgotten ruin, an antique statue, or a rare volume, always afford to his conservative mind pleasant food for reflection, and by their aid he delights to connect the present day with an age far anterior to his own. Therefore a brief glance at an old black-letter treatise on arithmetic, written in the sixteenth century, which, after lying unheeded in a country farmhouse for generations, has recently seen the light of the nineteenth century, cannot but prove of interest, presenting, as it undoubtedly does, a faithful representation of a bygone age. Turning over its ancient pages, the first thing that meets our eye is the most quaint and elaborate preface, "To the most mighty Prince Edward the Sixth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland," etc., in which the author displays his erudition by the use of copious quotations from the classics on the excellence of wisdom, which, he doubts not, are to his Majesty a "delectable remembrance," but of which he most considerably favors his unlearned readers with a translation, "trusting they will so learne to love reason, that they will also gladly and greedily embrace all good sci-

ences that may help to the just furniture of the same, when they consider that informed reason is the onely instrument, or at least the chiefest meanes to bring men into civill regiment from barbarous manners and beastly conditions." And after indulging in a lament at the ignorance of the people generally, which is "pittifull to talk of, and more miserable to seele," he goes on to exclaim: "Therefore most happy are we, the loving Subjects of your Majestie, which may see in your Highnesse not onely such towardness, but also such knowledge of divers Artes, as seldome hath been seene in any Prince of such yeares, whereby we are enforced to conceive this hope certainly, that he which in those years seeketh knowledge when knowledge is least esteemed and of such an age, may discerne them to bee enemies both of his Royall person and to his Realmes which labour to withdraw him from knowledge to excessive pastime, and from reasonable study to idle or noysome pursuits."

From the dedication to the king we pass on to the preface indited to the "loving readers," wherein the author in a mournful strain deplores the ignorance of his "countreyemen," as follows: "Sore oft times have I iamented with my self the unfortunate condition of England, seeing so many great clerks to arise in sundry other parts of the world, and so few to appear in this our nation; whereas for pregnancy of naturall wit (I think) few Nations do excell Englishmen. But I cannot impute the cause to any other thing than to the contempt or misregard of learning. For as Englishmen are inferior to no men in mother wit, so they passe all men in vaine pleasures to which they may attaine with great paine and laboure, and are as slacke to any never so great commodity, if there hang of it any painfull study or travelsome labour."

The treatise itself is written in the form of a dialogue — one of the earliest instances, I should imagine, of this form of instruction — in order "that the schollar may aske every doubt orderly, and the master may answer to his question plainly;" the author modestly adding by way of apology for publishing his work, or, as he terms it, "making bolde to put himselfe in presse," that "as he condemnes no man's diligence, so he knows that no man can satisfie every man, and, therefore, like as many do esteeme greatly other books, so he doubts not but some will like this book above any other English arithmeticke hitherto written; and,

namely, such as shall lack instructors, for whose sake he has so plainly set forth the examples, as no book that he has seene hath done hitherto, which thing shall be great ease to the rude readers;" and reverently concludes his preface, "Committing you all to that true fountaine of perfect number, which wrought the whole world by number and measure: he is Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, to whom be all praise, and honour, and glory. Amen."

The scholar opens the conversation in a somewhat deprecatory manner, because he considers in his own conceit that "it appeareth but vaine to bestow any time privately in learning of that thing that every childe may and doth learne at all times and houres, when he doth anything himselfe alone, and much more when he talketh or reasoneth with others." He is, however, very quickly reproved by the master, who informs him that his view is an entirely erroneous one, and "that number is not contemptible and vile, but rather right excellent, and of high reputation, sith it is the ground of all men's affaires, so that without it no tale can be told, no communication without it can be continued, no bargaining without it can duly be ended, or no businesse that man hath, justly completed. These commodities, if there were none other, are sufficient to approve the worthinesse of number. But there are other innumerable, farre passing all these, which declare number to exceed all praise. Wherefore in all great works are clerks so much desired? Wherefore are auditors so richly fed? What causeth geometricians so highly to be enhaused? Why are astronomers so greatly advanced? Because that by number such things they finde, which else would farre excell man's minde." Whereupon the "schollar," astonished at the importance of the study, replies, "Verily, sir, if it be so that these men by numbering their cunning do attaine, at whose great workes most men do wonder, then I see well I was much deceived, and numbering is a more cunning thing than I took it to be."

At this confession the venerable preceptor, in order to convince his young pupil of the truth of the statement, commences the following conversation, in the course of which, it will be observed, they both drop frequently into poetry:

"Master: Exclude number, and answer to this question, how many yeares old are you?"

"Schollar: Mum.

"Master: How many dayes in a weeke? How many weekes in a year? What lands hath your father? How many men doth hee keep? How long is it since you came from him to me?"

"Schoilar: Mum.

"Master: So that if number want, you answer all by mummies. How many miles to London?"

"Schollar: A poake full of plummies.

"Master: Why thus you may see what rule number beareth, and that if number be lacking it maketh men dumbe, so that to moste questions they must answer Mum.

"Schollar: This is the cause (sir), that I judged it so vile, because it is so common in talking every while: For plenty is not daintie, as the common saying is.

"Master: No, nor store is no sore. Perceive you this? The more common that the thing is being needfully required, the better is the thing and the more to be desired. But in numbering, as some of it is light and plaine, so the most part is difficult and not easie to attaine. The easier part serveth all men in common, and the other part requireth some learning. Wherefore, as without numbering a man can do almost nothing, so with the helpe of it you may attaine to all things."

Then the master furnishes a *résumé* of the various arts and sciences to which a knowledge of arithmetic is indispensable, such as "astronomy, geometry, musicke, physicke, law, grammar, philosophy, divinitie, and such like: in civill acts, as in governance of commonweales in time of peace, and in due provision and order of armies in time of warre, for numbering of the host, summing of their wages, provisions of victuals, viewing of artillery with other armour, beside the cunningest point of all, for casting of ground, for encamping of men and such other like." Upon which there ensues a passage of compliments between the master and scholar, to which give heed, ye scholars of this nineteenth century, and judge for yourselves whether the same measure of courtesy is meted out to your preceptors to-day, as it seems was the custom in the days of the good King Edward.

"Schollar: I beseech you, sir, reserve those commodities that rest yet behind unto their place more convenient, and if ye will be so good as to utter at this time this excellent treasure, so that I may be somewhat enriched thereby, if ever I shall be able, I will requite your paine.

"Master: I am very glad of your request, and will do it speedily, sith that to learne it you be so ready.

"Schollar: And I to your authority my wit to subdue; whatsoever you say I take it for true.

"Master: That is too much, and meete for no man to be beleevd in all things without showing of reason. Though I might of my schollar some credence require, yet except I show reason I do it not desire. But now sith you are so earnestly set this art to attaine, best it is to omit no time, lest some other passion coole this great heate, and then you leave off before you see the ende.

"Schollar: Though many there be so unconstant of minde, that flitter and turn with every winde, which often begin, and never come to the end, I am none of this sort, as I trust you partly know. For, by my good will, what I once begin, till I have it fully ended I would never blin.

"Master: So I have found you hitherto, indeed, and I trust you will increase rather than go backe. For better it were never to assay than to shrink and flie in the mid-way."

Alas! I fear, however much we may have advanced during the last few centuries, we should look in vain to-day to find a similar instance of mutual courtesy and forbearance between preceptor and student.

Thus our friend leads his pupil through the new and untrodden paths of the study, teaching him "the commodity and full profit" of the various branches of the art; counselling him to prove himself by doing some things without any aid, "or else you shall not be able to do more than you are taught, and that were rather to learn by wrote (as they call it) than by reason;" impressing upon him the value of practice and perseverance, which "maketh a man quicke and ripe in all things;" and telling him that the "surest way of success is to aske the truth of all things, lest in trusting to thine own conjecture thou be deceived."

From addition he proceeds to multiplication, which is taught in a remarkably quaint manner, and, having "handsomely finished the worke" which his tutor had assigned to him, the principles of division are elucidated by the method of cancelling or defacing. But says the scholar, "Sir, is there no other forme of division in practice but this?"

"Yes, verily," replies the master, "there are other formes in practice, but, because I love brevity, I will declare onely one,

which I first learned of, and is practised by that worthy mathematician, mine ancient and especiall loving friend, Master Henry Briggs, wherein not any one figure is defaced or cancelled."

This further "travell into the art," aided by the assistance of "mine ancient and especiall loving friend," appears to infuse a sense of still greater wonder and amazement into the mind of the scholar, and the following question is then propounded: "There are foure brasse peeces. The first of them at a shot spendeth nine pounds of powder; the second spendeth five pounds; the third four pounds; and the fourth two pounds. They are all appointed against the battery of a hold, and there is allowed by the master gunner seven hundred pounds of powder to be spent by these foure peeces in this assault. The question is twofold — the first: How many shot each peece shall justly make about with this seven hundred pounds of powder? And, lastly, how many pounds of powder ought justly to be allowed to each peece for his true proportion?" Filled with astonishment, no doubt, at the immense power of the charge, and picturing in his imagination the disastrous consequences of such an irresistible assault, the scholar, with bated breath, exclaims, —

"This is marvellous, methinke, that such great matters may so easily be achieved by this art, which heretofore I ever thought had been impossible, as infinite sorts of people are of that minde."

"Yes," replies the tutor. "True it is that knowledge has no greater enemy than ignorance, for this is onely one of the least of ten thousand things that may be done by this art, as hereafter you shall be able to justifie."

The momentous issue is then worked out, and "the question truly absolved," whereupon the scholar, in an honest burst of wonder, replies: "Truly, sir, these excellent conclusions do wonderfully more and more make me in love with the art."

Gratified by this tribute of praise accorded by his pupil, and pleased at his thirst for knowledge, the master catches the enthusiasm of the student, and in a lofty panegyric exclaims, —

"It is an art that the further you travel the more you think to go on forward. Such a fountaine that the more you draw the more it springs; and to speake absolutely in a word — excepting the study of Divinity, which is the salvation of our soules — there is no study in the world comparable to this, for delight in wonder-

ful and godly exercise. For the skill hereof is well knowne immediately to have flowed from the wisdom of God into the heart of man, whom he hath created the chiefe image and instrument of his praise and glory."

No wonder that after such an eloquent tribute of praise we hear the scholar exclaim: "The desire of knowledge doth greatly incourage me to be studious herein, and therefore I pray you cease not to instruct me further in the use hereof."

From our previous acquaintance with this paragon of a scholar, we shall have become accustomed to his gallant speeches of courtesy, and as he advances step by step until he becomes an adept in the rules of progression, "into which art" he has "such an ease and light that his first entrance doth seeme to passe a great many mens further study and longer continuance," we are by no means surprised to hear him exclaim: "Sir, I knowe not how to render you condigne thanks for these benefits shewed me which methinketh are so easie, delightfull, and pleasant, that I counte myselfe happy to be in your company."

To which the master makes answer: "I am glad you delight so well herein, which is an art of wonderfull dexterity to all sorts of men what degree or profession soever they be;" and goes on to propound some example — "of all which questions," he informs him, "I omit the worke of purpose that you shall whet your wit thereby at convenient leisure to clime each branch and gather the fruit of them." Having been duly refreshed by this mental process, he is led on to the golden rule "reverse," of which he is told, "truly if you take delectation herein you shall find this art not only easie but wonderfull pleasant and profitable," and is assured that "this rule is so profitable for all estates of men, that for this rule onely (if there were no more but it) all men were bounde highly to esteem arithmeticke. By this rule may a capitaine in warre work many things, as Master Digges, in his *Stratagems*, doth declare. Only now in this my simple addition for a taske and incouragement. I will enlarge the author with a question or two more, wishing you and every my countrimen, or gentlemen whatsoever that by nature be anything given to military affaires, to be familiar and acquainted with this excellent art, the whiche he shall finde not onely at the sea, but also in the camp and field service abundantly to aid him either in fortification, paying of souldiers wages, charges of ordnance, pow-

der, shot, munitions, and instruments whatsoever."

The following example is then given:

"If a capitaine over a band of men did set three hundred pioners a worke which in eight houres did cast a trench of two hundred rods, I demand how many labourers will be able, with a like trench, in three houres, to intrench a campe of three thousand four hundred rods?"

At this the student appears overwhelmed with difficulty, and being totally unable to find a way of escape, he laments: "I thinke I am now in the Backehouse Ditch" (whatever undesirable position that may be) "for I know not well which way to go about it."

And then — oh, fie Master Scholar! what, resorting to subterfuge, after all the praise that has been lavished on you and all the "condigne thanks" which you have been rendering — alas for the frailty of virtue, even in the days of the good King Edward! we find him excusing himself by adding: "And, besides that, truly I thinke I shall never come to preferment that way; my growth is so small." "But," replies the tutor, "you know not how God may raise you hereafter, by knowledge and service, into the favor of your prince, for the availe of your country." Restored to a sense of his capacities, the scholar replies: "Sir, I thanke you for your good incouragement. My minde, though I be little, is as desirous of knowledge as any other. I have pondered now a little of it, and thus I set forth the worke."

Happily, after he has thus been put on his mettle, he is fortunate in obtaining a correct solution, and is thus complimented by his master: "You have answered the question very artificially, and truly I commend you for your diligence and apt understanding."

But space fails us to enter more elaborately into the quaint observations which crowd every page, and into the obsolete methods of practice, with their apparent tediousness of working, which occasionally evoked such exclamations of astonishment from the scholar. But still we venture to hope that the extracts we have made from this relic of a bygone age will have been sufficient to present a faithful copy of the method of instruction now considerably upwards of three centuries back; and even if we cannot enter into the enthusiasm with which the author advocated the claims of the art of numbering, nor accord to it all the importance he would desire, we are yet able to admire the sin-

cerity of purpose which prompted his exertions for the advancement of education, and his endeavors to kindle the lamp of learning at a time when the darkness of superstition and ignorance brooded over the land, and when knowledge was so lightly esteemed.

And there is another point which impresses itself very forcibly in following the course of instruction imparted by this sixteenth-century mentor, and it is this. We live now in every respect at high pressure. Our work is accomplished in the speediest possible manner, our recreations even to a great degree have assumed the same character. Competitive examinations involving a temporary and surface knowledge of abstruse subjects have given rise to a thoroughly artificial system of cramming, which, if persisted in, will eventually and effectually destroy all those more genuine and durable systems of instruction, which the modern march of civilization has stamped with the brand of old worldism, and as being obsolete and unworthy these so-called days of progress and improvement.

Now, can we not profit in some degree from the manner of education practised by our antiquated friend and his courteous and dutiful scholar? and, confessing with them that "it is practice and perseverance alone which maketh a man quicke and ripe in all things," shun with suspicion all attempts at short cuts in pursuing any study, knowing that he who would gain a real insight into any subject must pursue his studies patiently, persistently, and perseveringly, building up his knowledge by daily practice and constant toil, and resting assured that the old adage has as much truth in it in the nineteenth century as when it was first formulated, that "there is no royal road to learning."

From The Irish Monthly.
TOLEDO.

THERE is a legend that Toledo was founded by a colony of Jews flying from their desolated land at the time of the Babylonian captivity. The scarped rocks on which the royal city stands might have recalled to their minds the dear remembrance of Mount Sion which they were never again to see. But I suspect the legend is a mere myth, obscuring an origin of still older date. By whomsoever founded, it was annexed by the Romans, nearly two centuries before the Christian

era. In course of time, Julius Cæsar made it a "place of arms;" Augustus promoted it to the dignity of a "centre of justice" — and, in further course of time, the Visigoths selected it as their capital, when their sway extended from the wide-spreading provinces of Narbonic Gaul, to the utmost ends of the Spanish peninsula. To return to legendary lore, was it not on some one of those heights, which encircle the city like a ring, that there stood the enchanted tower, to which each Gothic monarch wisely added a lock without asking the reason why, till the rash Don Roderick madly forced them all; and thus let loose the flood of evil fortune that so soon deluged his kingdom? . . . And was it not from the alcazar, that still crests the lofty city, that he sallied, on hearing of his kinsman's defeat and death at Calpé, to meet his own crushing doom on the banks of the Guadalete, near Herez? Under the Moorish domination, the fortunes of the city were eclipsed by those of Cordova; but, when the caliphate declined, and the city was delivered from the Moors, its first alcaldé was no less a man than the Cid himself. From that hour, as if by natural ascendancy, Toledo sprang to the dignity of capital of New Castille, and, for over four centuries, retained the premier rank, till superseded by Madrid. Probably contrary to what all would expect, the famous cathedral is on a downward slope. By tortuous and narrow lanes, you soon reach the cathedral. Externally it looks disappointing, mainly because it was "restored" without mercy in the days of the Renaissance; but enter, and you are in one of the grandest cathedrals of Europe, and the world. Like most cathedrals of the first class, it has double aisles on each side of the nave. Here the inner are twice as high as the outer, and the nave is half as high again as the inner. This gives grand opportunities for clerestories; and, true to the occasion, the walls are all lightsome with traceried windows filled with gorgeous stained glass. What strikes one, in walking round the choir and chapels, is the antiquity of everything; centuries are the units here. The choir-stalls, magnificently carved, date from the days of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, and are a speaking record of their victories and conquests. The choir-books, large as men, quite too ponderous for any single man to raise, are written on vellum, with quaintest musical notation of black and red square notes, in staves, I think, of three or four lines. Round

the grand altar of the *capilla mayor*, kings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries lie buried; and, amidst them, Archbishop Mendoza, grand cardinal of Spain, the friend and adviser of Isabella and Ferdinand, himself a *tertius rex*, as mighty and wealthy as they. In the central chapel of the eastern apse is preserved the traditional stone, on which the blessed Virgin stood, when investing her champion, Saint Hildefonso, with the chasuble from heaven, in the early part of the seventh century. The adjoining chapel on the north side is that of Knights of St. James. Its walls are richly emblazoned with the scallop shells and armorial bearings of the order. In the centre rises the tomb of Alvaro de Luna, their grand master in his day, who built the chapel when at the height of his power, more than four centuries ago. A side chapel contains, I believe, one of those mysterious black statues of the blessed Virgin which date back to the very earliest days of Christianity. In fact, according to local tradition, there was a church erected here in the first century of the Christian era. It was knocked down during the reign of Decius, rebuilt during that of Constantine, and rebuilt again by the Visigoth king Recaredo, A.D. 587: of this latter fact and date there is authentic record on a slab found in the sixteenth century and still preserved. The Moors converted the Visigoth church into a mosque, and of course rebuilt it again. When in turn the Christians recaptured the city, this mosque was guaranteed to the Moors by King Alfonso VI., but the spirit of his

troops was unable to brook such concession. In the king's absence, the mosque was converted into a cathedral, and tradition has it that the queen connived at this violation of her lord's plighted word. When the king returned, furious and full of revenge, the prudent Moors were the first to ask his forgiveness, and recognition of accomplished facts, which was readily granted: the converted mosque remained a cathedral, and the Moor who acted as peacemaker on that critical occasion lies buried with the older kings and Mendoza, within the sanctuary: he is known here as "the good Alfaqui." But even when the building was again pulled down and reconstructed, in the days of St. Ferdinand, fragments of the Saracenic work of the Moors were left untouched. They are plainly visible in a small chapel of the south aisle, dedicated to St. Eugene; and they retain Cufic inscriptions, perhaps words from the Koran, spared as not clashing with the Christian creed. To conclude about this cathedral; if you approach it by the west end, you will *descend* several steps to enter, again showing the antiquity of ground-work. If, at such a moment, there streams down on you a flood of tinted sunlight from the traceried windows of nave and aisles — and, better still, if it be your fortune to hear those strange, beseeching notes that sound like a prayer, or those loud, triumphant ones that reverberate like a shout of triumph — then, and perhaps then only, will you best realize the grandeur that my poor words would in vain try to convey.

JOHN FALLON.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. — May not this be an instance of reduplication arising from the similar meaning originally of *happy* and *lucky*, from *hap* and *luck*? The Latin form of salutation is not unlike it. This was derived from the Pythagoreans: —

Neque solum deorum voces Pythagorei observaverunt, sed etiam hominum, quæ vocant omina: quæ majores nostri, quia valere censebant, idcirco omnibus rebus agendis, *Quod bonum, faustum, felix, fortunatumque esset*, præbantur. (Cicero, De Divinatione, l. i. c. 44.)

The above use of *hap* in a proverb occurs in the following: "Tis better through hap than good husbandry." (Clarke's *Paroemiologia*, Lond., 1639, p. 125.)

Notes and Queries.

"PERHAPS IT WAS RIGHT TO DISSEMBLE YOUR LOVE." — I have succeeded in tracing this quotation to a date earlier, I think, than any previously known. In the *Annual Register* of 1783 it occurs on p. 201 of the Appendix, amidst the miscellaneous poems which formed a well-known feature of that publication. It is given as follows: —

AN EXPOSTULATION.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seemed you so deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love —
But — why did you kick me down stairs?

The name of its author is not given.

Notes and Queries.